



DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES  
BARRACK ROOM BALLADS & OTHER VERSES  
BY RUDYARD KIPLING





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OTHER VERSES



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AND OTHER VERSES

BY  
RUDYARD KIPLING

AUTHOR OF  
"PLAIN TALES FROM  
THE HILLS,"  
"SOLDIERS THREE,"  
"THE PHANTOM 'RICKSHAW,"  
"THE STORY OF THE  
GADSEYS,"  
ETC , ETC , ETC.

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## DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES.



*I HAVE eaten your bread and salt,  
I have drunk your water and wine,  
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,  
And the lives that ye led were mine.*

*Was there aught that I did not share  
In vigil or toil or ease, —  
One joy or woe that I did not know,  
Dear hearts across the seas?*

*I have written the tale of our life  
For a sheltered people's mirth,  
In jesting guise — but ye are wise,  
And ye know what the jest is worth.*



*GENERAL SUMMARY.*

WE are very slightly changed  
From the semi-apes who ranged  
India's prehistoric clay;  
Whoso drew the longest bow,  
Ran his brother down, you know,  
As we run men down to-day.

"Dowb," the first of all his race,  
Met the Mammoth face to face  
On the lake or in the cave,  
Stole the steadiest canoe,  
Ate the quarry others slew,  
Died—and took the finest grave.

When they scratched the reindeer-bone,  
Some one made the sketch his own,  
    Filched it from the artist — then,  
Even in those early days,  
Won a simple Viceroy's praise  
    Through the toil of other men.

Ere they hewed the Sphinx's visage  
Favoritism governed kissage,  
Even as it does in this age.

Who shall doubt the secret hid  
Under Cheops' pyramid  
Was that the contractor did  
    Cheops out of several millions?  
Or that Joseph's sudden rise  
To Comptroller of Supplies  
Was a fraud of monstrous size  
    On King Pharaoh's swart Civilians?

Thus, the artless songs I sing

Do not deal with anything

New or never said before.

As it was in the beginning,

Is to-day official sinning,

And shall be for evermore.

*ARMY HEADQUARTERS.*

OLD is the song that I sing —  
 Old as my unpaid bills —  
 Old as the chicken that *kitmutgars* bring  
 Men at dāk-bungalows — old as the Hills.

**A** HASUERUS JENKINS of the "Operatic Own"

Was dowered with a tenor voice of *super-*  
 Santley tone.

His views on equitation were, perhaps, a trifle queer;  
 He had no seat worth mentioning, but oh! he  
 had an ear.

He clubbed his wretched company a dozen times  
 a day,

He used to quit his charger in a parabolic way,  
 His method of saluting was the joy of all  
 beholders,

But Ahasuerus Jenkins had a head upon his  
 shoulders.



He took two months to Simla when the year  
was at the spring,

And underneath the deodars eternally did sing.

He warbled like a *bulbul*, but particularly at  
Cornelia Agrippina who was musical and fat.

She controlled a humble husband, who, in turn,  
controlled a Dept.,

Where Cornelia Agrippina's human singing-birds  
were kept

From April to October on a plump retaining fee,  
Supplied, of course, *per mensem*, by the Indian  
Treasury.

Cornelia used to sing with him, and Jenkins used  
to play;

He praised unblushingly her notes, for he was  
false as they:

So when the winds of April turned the budding  
roses brown,

Cornelia told her husband: — "Tom, you mustn't  
send him down."

They haled him from his regiment which didn't  
much regret him;  
They found for him an office-stool, and on that  
stool they set him,  
To play with maps and catalogues three idle  
hours a day,  
And draw his plump retaining fee — which means  
his double pay.

Now, ever after dinner, when the coffee-cups are  
brought,  
Ahasuerus wailleth o'er the grand pianoforte;  
And, thanks to fair Cornelia, his fame hath  
waxen great,  
And Ahasuerus Jenkins is a power in the State.

*STUDY OF AN ELEVATION, IN INDIAN INK.*

THIS ditty is a string of lies.

But—how the deuce did Gubbins rise?

POTIPHAR GUBBINS, C. E.,

Stands at the top of the tree;

And I muse in my bed on the reasons that led  
To the hoisting of Potiphar G.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,

Is seven years junior to Me;

Each bridge that he makes he either buckles or  
breaks,

And his work is as rough as he.

•

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,

Is coarse as a chimpanzee;

And I can't understand why you gave him your hand,  
Lovely Mehitabel Lee.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,  
Is dear to the Powers that Be;  
For They bow and They smile in an affable style  
Which is seldom accorded to Me.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,  
Is certain as certain can be  
Of a highly-paid post which is claimed by a host  
Of seniors—including Me.

Careless and lazy is he,  
Greatly inferior to Me.  
What is the spell that you manage so well,  
Commonplace Potiphar G.?

Lovely Mehitabel Lee,  
Let me inquire of thee,  
Should I have riz to what Potiphar is,  
Hadst thou been mated to Me?

*A LEGEND OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.*

THIS is the reason why Rustum Beg,  
Rajah of Kolazai,  
Drinketh the "simpkin" and brandy peg,  
Maketh the money to fly,  
Vexeth a Government, tender and kind,  
Also—but this is a detail—blind.

RUSTUM BEG of Kolazai—slightly backward

native state—

Lusted for a C. S. I.,—so began to sanitize.

Built a Jail and Hospital—nearly built a City  
drain—

Till his faithful subjects all thought their ruler  
was insane.

Strange departures made he then—yea, Depart-  
ments stranger still,

Half a dozen Englishmen helped the Rajah with  
a will,

Talked of noble aims and high, hinted of a  
future fine

For the state of Kolazai, on a strictly Western line.

Rajah Rustum held his peace; lowered octroi  
dues a half;

Organized a State Police; purified the Civil Staff;

Settled cess and tax afresh in a very liberal way;

Cut temptations of the flesh — also cut the  
Bukhshi's pay;

Roused his Secretariat to a fine Mahratta fury,

By a Hookum hinting at supervision of *dasturi*;

Turned the State of Kolazai very nearly upside-  
down;

When the end of May was nigh, waited his  
achievement crown.

Then the Birthday Honors came. Sad to state  
and sad to see,

Stood against the Rajah's name nothing more  
than *C. I. E.*!

. . . . .

Things were lively for a week in the State of  
Kolazai.

Even now the people speak of that time regretfully.

How he disendowed the Jail—stopped at once  
the City drain;

Turned to beauty fair and frail—got his senses  
back again;

Doubled taxes, cesses, all; cleared away each new-  
built *thana*;

Turned the two-lakh Hospital into a superb *Zenana*;

Heaped upon the Bukhshi Sahib wealth and  
honors manifold;

Clad himself in Eastern garb—squeezed his people  
as of old.

Happy, happy Kolazai! Never more will Rustum  
Beg

Play to catch the Viceroy's eye. He prefers the  
"simpkin" peg.

*THE STORY OF URIAH.*

"Now there were two men in one city, the one rich and the other poor."

JACK BARRETT went to Quetta

Because they told him to.

He left his wife at Simla

On three-fourths his monthly screw:

Jack Barrett died at Quetta

Ere the next month's pay he drew.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta.

He didn't understand

The reason of his transfer

From the pleasant mountain-land:

The season was September,

And it killed him out of hand.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta,

And there gave up the ghost,



Attempting two men's duty  
In that very healthy post;  
And Mrs. Barrett mourned for him  
Five lively months at most.

Jack Barrett's bones at Quetta  
Enjoy profound repose;  
But I shouldn't be astonished  
If *now* his spirit knows  
The reason of his transfer  
From the Himalayan snows.

And, when the Last Great Bugle Call  
Adown the Hurnai throbs,  
When the last grim joke is entered  
In the big black Book of Jobs,  
And Quetta graveyards give again  
Their victims to the air,  
I shouldn't like to be the man  
Who sent Jack Barrett there.

*THE POST THAT FITTED.*

THOUGH tangled and twisted the course of true love,  
This ditty explains  
No tangle's so tangled it cannot improve  
If the Lover has brains.

ERE the steamer bore him Eastward, Sleary  
was engaged to marry

An attractive girl at Tunbridge, whom he called  
"my little Carrie."

Sleary's pay was very modest; Sleary was the  
other way.

Who can cook a two-plate dinner on eight  
paltry dubs a day?

Long he pondered o'er the question in his scanty  
furnished quarters—

Then proposed to Minnie Boffkin, eldest of Judge  
Boffkin's daughters.

Certainly an impecunious Subaltern was not a catch,  
But the Boffkins knew that Minnie mightn't make  
another match.

So they recognized the business, and, to feed and  
clothe the bride,  
Got him made a Something Something somewhere  
on the Bombay side.

Anyhow, the billet carried pay enough for him  
to marry—

As the artless Sleary put it:—"Just the thing  
for me and Carrie."

Did he, therefore, jilt Miss Boffkin—impulse of  
a baser mind?

No! He started epileptic fits of an appalling kind.  
(Of his *modus operandi* only this much I could  
gather:—

"Pears' shaving sticks will give you little taste  
and lots of lather.")

Frequently in public places his affliction used to  
smite

Sleary with distressing vigor — always in the  
Boffkins' sight.

Ere a week was over Minnie weepingly returned  
his ring,

Told him his "unhappy weakness" stopped all  
thought of marrying.

Sleary bore the information with a chastened  
holy joy, —

Epileptic fits don't matter in Political employ, —  
Wired three short words to Carrie — took his  
ticket, packed his kit —

Bade farewell to Minnie Boffkin in one last,  
long, lingering fit.

Four weeks later, Carrie Sleary read — and  
laughed until she wept —

Mrs. Boffkin's warning letter on the "wretched  
epilept."

Year by year, in pious patience, vengeful Mrs.

Boffkin sits

Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary's

fits.

*PUBLIC WASTE.*

WALPOLE talks of "a man and his price."

List to a ditty queer —

The sale of a Deputy-Acting-Vice-

Resident-Engineer,

Bought like a bullock, hoof and hide,

By the Lattle Tin Gods on the Mountain Side.

BY the Laws of the Family Circle 'tis written  
in letters of brass

That only a Colonel from Chatham can manage  
the Railways of State,

Because of the gold on his breeks, and the  
subjects wherein he must pass;

Because in all matters that deal not with Rail-  
ways his knowledge is great.

Now Exeter Battleby Tring had labored from  
boyhood to eld

On the Lines of the East and the West, and  
eke of the North and South;

Many Lines had he built and surveyed—important the posts which he held;  
And the Lords of the Iron Horse were dumb  
when he opened his mouth.

Black as the raven his garb, and his heresies  
jettier still—  
Hinting that Railways required lifetimes of study  
and knowledge;  
Never clanked sword by his side—Vauban he  
knew not, nor drill—  
Nor was his name on the list of the men who  
had passed through the “College.”

Wherefore the Little Tin Gods harried their  
little tin souls,  
Seeing he came not from Chatham, jingled no  
spurs at his heels,  
Knowing that, nevertheless, was he first on the  
Government rolls  
For the billet of “Railway Instructor to Little  
Tin Gods on Wheels.”

Letters not seldom they wrote him, "having the  
honor to state,"

It would be better for all men if he were laid  
on the shelf:

Much would accrue to his bank-book, and he  
consented to wait

Until the Little Tin Gods built him a berth for  
himself.

"Special, well paid, and exempt from the Law of  
the Fifty and Five,

Even to Ninety and Nine" — these were the  
terms of the pact:

Thus did the Little Tin Gods (long may Their  
Highnesses thrive!)

Silence his mouth with rupees, keeping their  
Circle intact;

Appointing a Colonel from Chatham who man-  
aged the Bhamo State Line,

(The which was one mile and one furlong — a  
guaranteed twenty-inch gauge).



So Exeter Battleby Tring consented his claims  
to resign,  
And died, on four thousand a month, in the  
ninetieth year of his age.

*DELILAH.*

WE have another Viceroy now, those days are dead and done,  
Of Dellah Aberyswith and depraved Ulysses Gunne.

DELILAH Aberyswith was a lady — not too  
young —

With a perfect taste in dresses, and a badly-  
bitted tongue,

With a thirst for information, and a greater  
thirst for praise,

And a little house in Simla, in the Prehistoric  
Days.

By reason of her marriage to a gentleman in power,  
Delilah was acquainted with the gossip of the  
hour;

And many little secrets, of a half-official kind,  
Were whispered to Delilah, and she bore them  
all in mind.

She patronized extensively a man, Ulysses Gunne,  
Whose mode of earning money was a low and  
shameful one.

He wrote for divers papers, which, as everybody  
knows,  
Is worse than serving in a shop or scaring off  
the crows.

He praised her "queenly beauty" first; and,  
later on, he hinted  
At the "vastness of her intellect" with compli-  
ment, unstinted.

He went with her a-riding, and his love for her  
was such  
That he lent her all his horses, and — she galled  
them very much.

One day, THEY brewed a secret of a fine financial  
sort;  
It related to Appointments, to a Man and a  
Report.

'Twas almost worth the keeping (only seven  
people knew it),

And Gunne rose up to seek the truth and  
patiently ensue it.

It was a Viceroy's Secret, but—perhaps the wine  
was red—

Perhaps an Aged Councillor had lost his aged  
head—

Perhaps Delilah's eyes were bright—Delilah's  
whispers sweet—

The Aged Member told her what 'twere treason  
to repeat.

Ulysses went a-riding, and they talked of love  
and flowers;

Ulysses went a-calling, and he called for several  
hours;

Ulysses went a-waltzing, and Delilah helped him  
dance—

Ulysses let the waltzes go, and waited for his chance.

The summer sun was setting, and the summer  
air was still,  
The couple went a-walking in the shade of  
Summer Hill,  
The wasteful sunset faded out in turkis-green  
and gold,  
Ulysses pleaded softly, and . . . that bad Delilah  
told!

Next morn, a startled Empire learnt the all-  
important news;  
Next week, the Aged Councillor was shaking in  
his shoes;  
Next month, I met Delilah, and she did not  
show the least  
Hesitation in affirming that Ulysses was a "beast."  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
We have another Viceroy now, those days are  
dead and done,  
Of Delilah Aberyswith and most mean Ulysses  
Gunne!

*WHAT HAPPENED.*

HURREE CHUNDER MOOKERJEE, pride of  
Bow Bazar,  
Owner of a native press, "Barrishter-at-Lar,"  
Waited on the Government with a claim to wear  
Sabres by the bucketful, rifles by the pair.

Then the Indian Government winked a wicked  
wink,  
Said to Chunder Mookerjee: "Stick to pen and  
ink,  
They are safer implements; but, if you insist,  
We will let you carry arms wheresoe'er you list."

Hurree Chunder Mookerjee sought the gunsmith and  
Bought the tuber of Lancaster, Ballard, Dean,  
and Bland,

Bought a shiny bowie-knife, bought a town-made  
sword,  
Jingled like a carriage-horse when he went abroad.

But the Indian Government, always keen to  
please,  
Also gave permission to horrid men like these—  
Yar Mahommed Yusufzai, down to kill or steal,  
Chimbu Singh from Bikaneer, Tantia the Bhil.

Killar Khan the Marri chief, Jowar Singh the  
Sikh,  
Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat, Abdul Huq Rafiq—  
He was a Wahabi; last, little Boh Hla-oo  
Took advantage of the act—took a Snider too.

They were unenlightened men, Ballard knew  
them not,  
They procured their swords and guns chiefly on  
the spot,

And the lore of centuries, plus a hundred fights,  
Made them slow to disregard one another's rights.

With a unanimity dear to patriot hearts  
All those hairy gentlemen out of foreign parts  
Said: "The good old days are back—let us go  
to war!"

Swaggered down the Grand Trunk Road, into  
Bow Bazar.

Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat found a hide-bound flail,  
Chimbu Singh from Bikaner oiled his Tonk jezail,  
Yar Mahommed Yusufzai spat and grinned with  
glee

As he ground the butcher-knife of the Khyberree.

Jowar Singh the Sikh procured sabre, quoit, and  
mace,

Abdul Huq, Wahabi, took the dagger from its  
place,



While amid the jungle-grass danced and grinned  
and jabbered  
Little Boh Hla-oo and cleared the dah-blade  
from the scabbard.

What became of Mookerjee? Soothly, who can  
say?  
Yar Mahommed only grins in a nasty way,  
Jowar Singh is reticent, Chimbu Singh is  
mute,  
But the belts of them all simply bulge with  
loot.

What became of Ballard's guns? Afghans black  
and grubby  
Sell them for their silver weight to the men of  
Pubbi;  
And the shiny bowie-knife and the town-made  
sword are  
Hanging in a Marri camp just across the Border.

What became of Mookerjee? Ask Mahommed  
Yar

Prodding Siva's sacred bull down the Bow Bazar.  
Speak to placid Nubbee Baksh — question land  
and sea —

Ask the Indian Congress men — only don't ask  
me!

*PINK DOMINOES.*

"THEY are fools who kiss and tell"  
Wisely has the poet sung.  
Man may hold all sorts of posts  
If he'll only hold his tongue.

JENNY and Me were engaged, you see,  
On the eve of the Fancy Ball;  
So a kiss or two was nothing to you  
Or any one else at all.

Jenny would go in a domino —  
Pretty and pink but warm;  
While I attended, clad in a splendid  
Austrian uniform.

Now we had arranged, through notes exchanged  
Early that afternoon,  
At Number Four to waltz no more,  
But to sit in the dusk and spoon.

(I wish you to see that Jenny and Me  
Had barely exchanged our troth;  
So a kiss or two was strictly due  
By, from, and between us both.)

When Three was over, an eager lover,  
I fled to the gloom outside;  
And a Domino came out also  
Whom I took for my future bride.

That is to say, in a casual way,  
I slipped my arm around her;  
With a kiss or two (which is nothing to you),  
And ready to kiss I found her.

She turned her head, and the name she said  
Was certainly not my own;  
But ere I could speak, with a smothered shriek  
She fled and left me alone.

Then Jenny came, and I saw with shame  
    She'd doffed her domino;  
And I had embraced an alien waist—  
    But I did not tell her so.

Next morn I knew that there were two  
    Dominoes pink, and one  
Had cloaked the spouse of Sir Julian Vouse,  
    Our big political gun.

Sir J. was old, and her hair was gold,  
    And her eye was a blue cerulean;  
And the name she said when she turned her  
    head  
Was not in the least like "Julian."

Now wasn't it nice, when want of *pice*  
    Forbade us twain to marry,  
That old Sir J., in the kindest way,  
    Made me his *Secretarry*?

*THE MAN WHO COULD WRITE.*

SHUN—shun the Bowl! That fatal, facile drink  
 Has ruined many geese who dipped their quills in't,  
 Bribe, murder, marry, but steer clear of Ink  
 Save when you write receipts for paid-up bills in't.  
 There may be silver in the "blue-black"—all  
 I know of is the iron and the gall.

BOANERGES BLITZEN, servant of the Queen,  
 Is a dismal failure—is a Might-have-been.  
 In a luckless moment he discovered men  
 Rise to high position through a ready pen.

Boanerges Blitzen argued, therefore: "I  
 With the selfsame weapon can attain as high."  
 Only he did not possess, when he made the trial,  
 Wicked wit of C-lv-n, irony of L——l.

(Men who spar with Government need, to back  
 their blows,  
 Something more than ordinary journalistic prose.)

Never young Civilian's prospects were so bright,  
Till an Indian paper found that he could write:  
Never young Civilian's prospects were so dark,  
When the wretched Blitzen wrote to make his mark.

Certainly he scored it, bold and black and firm,  
In that Indian paper—made his seniors squirm,  
Quoted office scandals, wrote the tactless truth—  
Was there ever known a more misguided youth?

When the Rag he wrote for praised his plucky game,  
Boanerges Blitzen felt that this was Fame:  
When the men he wrote of shook their heads  
and swore,  
Boanerges Blitzen only wrote the more.

Posed as Young Ithuriel, resolute and grim,  
Till he found promotion didn't come to him;  
Till he found that reprimands weekly were his lot,  
And his many Districts curiously hot.

Till he found his furlough strangely hard to win,  
Boanerges Blitzen didn't care a pin:

Then it seemed to dawn on him something  
wasn't right —



*MUNICIPAL.*

"WHY is my District death-rate low?"

Said Binks of Hezabad.

"Wells, drains, and sewage-outfalls are

My own peculiar fad.

I learnt a lesson once. It ran

"Thus," quoth that most veracious man:—

IT was an August evening, and, in snowy  
garments clad,

I paid a round of visits in the lines of Heza-  
bad;

When, presently, my Waler saw, and did not  
like at all,

A Commissariat elephant careering down the Mall.

I couldn't see the driver, and across my mind  
it rushed

That that Commissariat elephant had suddenly  
gone *musth*.

I didn't care to meet him, and I couldn't well  
get down,

So I let the Waler have it, and we headed for  
the town.

The buggy was a new one, and, praise Dykes, it  
stood the strain,

Till the Waler jumped a bullock just above the  
City Drain;

And the next that I remember was a hurricane  
of squeals,

And the creature making toothpicks of my five-  
foot patent wheels.

He seemed to want the owner, so I fled, dis-  
traught with fear,

To the Main Drain sewage-outfall while he  
snorted in my ear—

Reached the four-foot drain-head safely, and, in  
darkness and despair,

Felt the brute's proboscis fingering my terror  
stiffened hair.

Heard it trumpet on my shoulder — tried to  
crawl a little higher —

Found the Main Drain sewage-outfall blocked,  
some eight feet up, with mire;

And, for twenty reeking minutes, Sir, my very  
marrow froze,

While the trunk was feeling blindly for a pur-  
chase on my toes!

It missed me by a fraction, but my hair was  
turning gray

Before they called the drivers up and dragged  
the brute away.

Then I sought the City Elders, and my words  
were very plain.

They flushed that four-foot drain-head, and — it  
never choked again.

You may hold with surface-drainage, and the  
sun-for-garbage cure,

Till you've been a periwinkle shrinking coyly up  
a sewer.

*I* believe in well-flushed culverts . . . .

    This is why the death-rate's small;  
And, if you don't believe me, get *shikarred*  
yourself. That's all.

*A CODE OF MORALS.*

LEST you should think this story true,  
I merely mention I  
Evolved it lately. 'Tis a most  
Unmitigated misstatement.

NOW Jones had left his new-wed bride to  
keep his house in order,  
And hied away to the Hurrum Hills above the  
Afghan border,  
To sit on a rock with a heliograph; but ere he  
left he taught  
His wife the working of the Code that sets the  
miles at naught.

And Love had made him very sage, as Nature  
made her fair;  
So Cupid and Apollo linked, *per* heliograph, the  
pair.

At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed  
her counsel wise —

At e'en, the dying sunset bore her husband's homilies.

He warned her 'gainst seductive youths in scarlet  
clad and gold,

As much as 'gainst the blandishments paternal  
of the old;

But kept his gravest warnings for (hereby the  
ditty hangs)

That snowy-haired Lothario, Lieutenant-General  
Bangs.

'Twas General Bangs, with Aide and Staff, that  
tittipped on the way,

When they beheld a heliograph tempestuously at  
play;

They thought of Border risings, and of stations  
sacked and burnt—

So stopped to take the message down—and this  
is what they learnt:—

“Dash dot dot, dot, dot dash, dot dash dot”  
twice. The General swore.

“Was ever General Officer addressed as ‘dear’  
before ?

“‘My Love,’ i’ faith! ‘My Duck,’ Gadzooks!  
‘My darling popsy-wop!’

Spirit of great Lord Wolseley, *who* is on that  
mountain top?”

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute; the gilded  
Staff were still,

As, dumb with pent-up mirth, they booked that  
message from the hill;

For, clear as summer’s lightning flare, the hus-  
band’s warning ran:—

“Don’t dance or ride with General Bangs—a  
most immoral man.”

(At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed  
her counsel wise—

But, howsoever Love be blind, the world at  
large hath eyes.)

With damnatory dot and dash he heliographed  
his wife

Some interesting details of the General's private life.

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute; the shining  
Staff were still,

And red and ever redder grew the General's  
shaven gill.

And this is what he said at last (his feelings  
matter not):—

“I think we've tapped a private line. Hi!  
Threes about there! Trot!”

All honor unto Bangs, for ne'er did Jones there-  
after know

By word or act official who read off that helio.;  
But the tale is on the Frontier, and from Michni  
to Mooltan

They know the worthy General as “that most  
immoral man.”



*THE LAST DEPARTMENT.*

TWELVE hundred million men are spread  
About this Earth, and I and You  
Wonder, when You and I are dead,  
What will those luckless millions do?

“NONE whole or clean,” we cry, “or free  
from stain

Of favor.” Wait awhile, till we attain

The Last Department, where nor fraud nor fools,  
Nor grade nor greed, shall trouble us again.

Fear, Favor, or Affection — what are these  
To the grim Head who claims our services?

I never knew a wife or interest yet  
Delay that *pukka* step, miscalled “decease;”

When leave, long over-due, none can deny;  
When idleness of all Eternity

Becomes our furlough, and the marigold  
Our thriftless, bullion-minting Treasury.

Transferred to the Eternal Settlement,  
Each in his strait, wood-scantled office pent,  
    No longer Brown reverses Smith's appeals,  
Or Jones records his Minute of Dissent.

And One, long since a pillar of the Court,  
As mud between the beams thereof is wrought;  
    And One who wrote on phosphates for the  
        crops  
Is subject-matter of his own Report.

(These be the glorious ends whereto we pass —  
Let Him who Is, go call on Him who Was;  
    And He shall see the *mallie* steals the slab  
For currie-grinder, and for goats the grass.)

A breath of wind, a Border bullet's flight  
A draught of water, or a horse's fright —  
    The droning of the fat *Sheristadar*  
Ceases, the punkah stops, and falls the night

For you or Me. Do those who live decline  
The step that offers, or their work resign?

Trust me, To-day's Most Indispensables,  
Five hundred men can take your place or mine.



## BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS.



*DANNY DEEVER.*

“WHAT are the bugles blowin’ for?” said  
Files-on-Parade.

“To turn you out, to turn you out,” the Color-  
Sergeant said.

“What makes you look so white, so white?”  
said Files-on-Parade.

“I’m dreadin’ what I’ve got to watch,” the Color-  
Sergeant said.

For they’re hangin’ Danny Deever, you can  
’ear the Dead March play,

The regiment’s in ’ollow square — they’re  
hangin’ him to-day;

They’ve taken of his buttons off an’ cut  
his stripes away,

An’ they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in the  
mornin’.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?"  
said Files-on-Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What makes that front-rank man fall down?"  
says Files-on-Parade.

"A touch of sun, a touch of sun," the Color-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are  
marchin' of 'im round,

They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin  
on the ground;

An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a  
sneakin', shootin' hound—

O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the  
mornin'!

"'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the Color-Sergeant said.



"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Color-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must  
mark 'im to 'is place,

For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must  
look 'im in the face;

Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regi-  
ment's disgrace,

While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the  
mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Color-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever, you  
can 'ear the quickstep play,  
The regiment's in column, an' they're  
marchin' us away;  
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an'  
they'll want their beer to-day,  
After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

*"TOMMY."*

I WENT into a public-'ouse to get a pint o'  
beer,

The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-  
coats here."

The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,

I outs into the street again, an' to myself sez I:

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'

"Tommy go away;"

But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when  
the band begins to play,

The band begins to play, my boys, the  
band begins to play,

O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when  
the band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,  
They give a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't  
none for me;

They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,  
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll  
shove me in the stalls.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'  
"Tommy wait outside;"

But it's "Special train for Atkins," when  
the trooper's on the tide,

The troopship's on the tide, my boys, etc.

O makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while  
you sleep

Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap;

An' hustlin' drunken sodgers when they're goin'  
large a bit

Is five times better business than paradin' in  
full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,  
an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"

But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when  
the drums begin to roll,

The drums begin to roll, my boys, etc.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no  
blackguards too,

But single men in barricks, most remarkable like  
you;

An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your  
fancy paints,

Why, single men in barricks don't grow into  
plaster saints.

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,  
an' "Tommy fall be'ind;"

But it's "Please to walk in front, sir,"  
when there's trouble in the wind,

There's trouble in the wind, my boys,  
etc.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an'  
fires, an' all:

We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us  
rational.

Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove  
it to our face

The Widow's uniform is not the soldier-man's  
disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,  
an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"

But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when  
the guns begin to shoot;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,  
an' anything you please;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool — you  
bet that Tommy sees!

“ FUZZY WUZZY.”

(*Soudan Expeditionary Force.*)

WE'VE fought with many men acrost the seas,  
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:  
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;  
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.  
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:  
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,  
'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,  
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.  
So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your  
'ome in the Sowdan;  
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a  
first-class fightin' man;  
We gives you your certifikit, an' if you  
want it signed  
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you  
whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,  
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,  
The Burman guv us Irriwaddy chills,  
An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style:  
But all we ever got from such as they  
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;  
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,  
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us  
'oller.

Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the  
missis and the kid;

Our orders was to break you, an' of course  
we went an' did.

We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it  
wasn't 'ardly fair;

But for all the odds agin you, Fuzzy-Wuz,  
you bruk the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,

'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,



So we must certify the skill 'e's shown

In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:

When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush

With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,

A 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush

Will last a 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your  
friends which is no more,

If we 'adn't lost some messmates we  
would 'elp you to deplore;

But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll  
call the bargain fair,

For if you 'ave lost more than us, you  
crumpled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,

An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our  
'ead;

'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,

An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.

'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!

'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,

'E's the on'y thing that doesn't care a damn

For the Regiment o' British Infantee.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your  
'ome in the Sowdan;

You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a  
first-class fightin' man;

An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your  
'ayrick 'ead of 'air—

You big black boundin' beggar—for you  
bruk a British square.

## OONTS!

*(Northern India Transport Train.)*

WOT makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot  
makes 'im to perspire?

It isn't standin' up to charge or lyin' down to  
fire;

But it's everlastin' waitin' on a everlastin' road  
For the commissariat camel an' 'is commissariat  
load.

O the oont,<sup>1</sup> O the oont, O the commissa-  
riat oont!

With 'is silly neck a-bobbin' like a basket  
full o' snakes;

We packs 'im like a idol, an' you ought  
to 'ear 'im grunt,

An' when we gets 'im loaded up 'is blessed  
girth-rope breaks.

<sup>1</sup> Camel: oo is pronounced like u in "bull," but by Mr. Atkins to rhyme with "front."

Wot makes the rear-guard swear so 'ard when  
    night is drorin' in,  
An' every native follower is shiverin' for 'is skin?  
It ain't the chanst o' bein' rushed by Paythans  
    frum the 'ills,  
It's the commissariat camel puttin' on 'is blessed  
    frills!

    O the oont, O the oont, O the hairy scary  
    oont!

A-trippin' over tent-ropes when we've got  
    the night alarm;

We socks 'im with a stretcher-pole an'  
    'eads 'im off in front,

An' when we've saved 'is bloomin' life 'e  
    chaws our bloomin' arm.

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but  
    a fool,

The elephant's a gentleman, the baggage-mule's  
    a mule;

But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said  
an' done,

'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.

O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the Gawd-forsaken  
*oont!*

The 'umpy-lumpy 'ummin'-bird a-singin'  
where 'e lies,

'E's blocked the 'ole division from the  
rear-guard to the front,

An' when we gets 'im up again — the  
beggar goes an' dies!

'E'll gall an' chafe an' lame an' fight; 'e smells  
most awful vile;

'E'll lose 'imself forever if you let 'im stray a  
mile;

'E's game to graze the 'ole day long an' 'owl the  
'ole night through,

An' when 'e comes to greasy ground 'e splits  
'isself in two.

O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the floppin',  
droppin' *oont*!

When 'is long legs give from under an'  
'is meltin' eye is dim,

The tribes is up be'ind us an' the tribes  
is out in front,

It ain't no jam for Tommy, but it's kites  
and crows for 'im.

So when the cruel march is done an' when the  
roads is blind,

An' when we sees the camp in front an' 'ears  
the shots be'ind,

O then we strips 'is saddle off, and all 'is woes  
is past:

'E thinks on us that used 'im so, an' gets  
revenge at last.

O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the floatin',  
bloatin' *oont*!

The late lamented camel in the water-cut  
he lies;

We keeps a mile behind 'im an' we keeps  
a mile in front,  
But 'e gets into the drinkin' casks, and  
then o' course we dies.

*LOOT.*

**I**F you've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind the  
keeper's back,

If you've ever snigged the washin' frum the line,  
If you've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin'  
'aversack,

You will understand this little song o' mine.  
But the service rules are 'ard, an' frum such we  
are debarred,

For the same with British morals does not  
suit (*Cornet*: Toot! toot!) —

W'y, they call a man a robber if 'e stuffs 'is  
marchin' clobber

With the —

(*Chorus.*) Loo! loo! Lulu! lulu! Loo! loo! Loot!  
loot! loot!

'Ow the loot!

Bloomin' loot!



That's the thing to make the boys git up  
an' shoot!

It's the same with dogs an' men,  
If you'd make 'em come again  
Clap 'em forward with a Loo! loo! Lulu!  
Loot!

(ff) Whoopee! Tear 'im, puppy! Loo! loo! Lulu!  
Loot! loot! loot!

If you've knocked a nigger edgeways when 'e's  
thrustin' for your life,

You must leave 'im very careful where 'e  
fell;

An' may thank your stars an' gaiters if you  
didn't feel 'is knife

That you ain't told off to bury him as  
well.

Then the sweatin' Tommies wonder as they spade  
the beggars under

Why lootin' should be entered as a crime;

So if my song you'll 'ear, I will learn you plain  
an' clear

'Ow to pay yourself for fightin' overtime  
(*Chorus.*) With the loot, etc.

Now remember when you're 'acking round a gilded  
Burma god

That 'is eyes is very often precious stones;  
An' if you treat a nigger to a dose o' cleanin'-  
rod

'E's like to show you everything 'e owns.  
When 'e won't prodooce no more, pour some water  
on the floor

Where you 'ear it answer 'ollow to the boot  
(*Cornet:* Toot! toot!)—

When the ground begins to sink, shove your  
baynick down the chink,

An' you're sure to touch the—

(*Chorus.*) Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

'Ow the loot, etc.

When from 'ouse to 'ouse you're 'untin' you must  
always work in pairs—

It 'alves the gain, but safer you will find—  
For a single man gits bottled on them twisty-  
wisty stairs,

An' a woman comes and clobs 'im from be'ind.  
When you've turned 'em inside out, an' it seems  
beyond a doubt

As if there weren't enough to dust a flute  
(*Coronet*: Toot! toot!)—

Before you sling your 'ook, at the 'ouse-tops  
take a look,

For it's underneath the tiles they 'ide the loot.  
(*Chorus*.) 'Ow the loot, etc.

You can mostly square a Sergint an' a Quarter  
master too,

If you only take the proper way to go;  
I could never keep my pickin's, but I've learned  
you all I knew— .

An' don't you never say I told you so.

An' now I'll bid good-by, for I'm gettin' rather  
dry,

An' I see another tunin' up to toot (*Cornet:*  
Toot! toot!)—

So 'ere's good-luck to those that wears the  
Widow's clo'es,

An' the Devil send 'em all they want o' loot!  
(*Chorus.*) Yes, the loot,

Bloomin' loot.

In the tunic an' the mess-tin an' the boot!

It's the same with dogs an' men,

If you'd make 'em come again

Whoop 'em forward with the Loo! loo! Lulu!

Loot! loot! loot!

Heeya! Sick 'im, puppy! Loo! loo! Lulu!

Loot! loot! loot!

*SOLDIER, SOLDIER.*

“SOLDIER, soldier come from the wars,

Why don't you march with my true love?”

“We're fresh from off the ship, an' 'e's maybe  
give the slip,

An' you'd best go look for a new love.”

*New love! True love!*

*Best go look for a new love,*

*The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd better  
dry your eyes,*

*An' you'd best go look for a new love.*

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,

What did you see o' my true love?”

“I see 'im serve the Queen in a suit o' rifle-  
green,

An' you'd best go look for a new love.”

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,

Did ye see no more o' my true love?"

"I see 'im runnin' by when the shots begun  
to fly —

But you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,

Did aught take 'arm to my true love?"

"I couldn't see the fight, for the smoke it lay  
so white —

An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,

I'll up an' tend to my true love!"

"'E's lying on the dead with a bullet through  
'is 'ead,

An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,

I'll lie down an' die with my true love!"

"The pit we dug'll 'ide 'im an' twenty men  
beside 'im —

An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
Do you bring no sign from my true love?"  
"I bring a lock of 'air that 'e allus used to  
wear,

An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
O then I know it's true I've lost my true love!"  
"An' I tell you truth again — when you've lost  
the feel o' pain

You'd best take me for your true love."

*True love! New love!*

*Best take 'im for a new love.*

*The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd better  
dry your eyes,*

*An' you'd best take 'im for your true love.*

*THE SONS OF THE WIDOW.*

'AVE you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor  
With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?  
She 'as ships on the foam — she 'as millions at 'ome,  
An' she pays us poor beggars in red.

(Ow, poor beggars in red!)

There's 'er nick on the cavalry 'orses  
There's 'er mark on the medical stores —  
An' 'er troopers you'll find with a fair wind be'ind  
That takes us to various wars.

(Poor beggars! — barbarious wars!)

Then 'ere's to the Widow at Windsor,  
An' 'ere's to the stores an' the guns,  
The men an' the 'orses what makes  
up the forces

O' Missis Victorier's sons.

(Poor beggars! — Victorier's sons!)



Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,

For 'alf o' creation she owns:

We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword  
an' the flame,

An' we've salted it down with our bones.

(Poor beggars!—it's blue with our bones!)

Hands off o' the sons of the Widow,

Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,

For the Kings must come down an' the Emperors  
frown

When the Widow at Windsor says "Stop!"

(Poor beggars!—we're sent to say "Stop!")

Then 'ere's to the Lodge o' the Widow,

From the Pole to the Tropics it  
runs —

To the Lodge that we tile with the  
rank an' the file,

An' open in forms with the guns.

(Poor beggars!—it's always them guns!)

We 'ave 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor

It's safest to let 'er alone:

For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land

Wherever the bugles are blown.

(Poor beggars!—an' don't we get blown!)

Take 'old o' the wings o' the mornin',

An' flop round the earth till you're dead;

But you won't get away from the tune that they  
play

To the bloomin' old rag over'ead.

(Poor beggars!—it's 'ot over'ead!)

Then 'ere's to the sons o' the Widow,

Wherever, 'owever they roam.

'Ere's all they desire, an' if they  
require

A speedy return to their 'ome.

(Poor beggars!—they'll never see 'ome!)

*TROOPIN'.*

*(Our Army in the East.)*

TROOPIN', troopin', troopin' to the sea:

'Ere's September come again—the six-year  
men are free.

O leave the dead be'ind us, for they cannot  
come away

To where the ship's a-coalin' up that takes us  
'ome to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,

Our ship is *at* the shore,

An' you must pack your 'aversack,

For we won't come back no more.

Ho, don't you grieve for me,

My lovely Mary-Anne,

For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit

As a time-expired man.

The *Mulabar* in 'arbor with the *Jumner* at 'er  
tail,

An' the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders for to  
sail.

O the weary waitin' when on Khyber 'ills we lay,  
But the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders  
'ome to-day.

They'll turn us out at Portsmouth wharf in cold  
an' wet an' rain,

All wearin' Injian cotton kit, but we will not  
complain;

They'll kill us of pneumonia—for that's their  
little way—

But damn the chills and fever, men, we're goin'  
'ome to-day!

Troopin', troopin'—winter's round again!

See the new draf's pourin' in for the old  
campaign;

Ho, you poor recruits, but you've got to earn  
your pay—  
What's the last from Lunnon, lads? We're goin'  
there to-day.

Troopin', troopin', give another cheer—  
'Ere's to English women an' a quart of English  
beer;  
The Colonel an' the regiment an' all who've got  
to stay,  
Gawd's mercy strike 'em gentle—Whoop! we're  
goin' 'ome to-day.  
We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,  
Our ship is *at* the shore,  
An' you must pack your 'aversack,  
For we won't come back no more.  
Ho, don't you grieve for me,  
My lovely Mary-Anne,  
For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit  
As a time-expired man.

*GUNGA DIN.*

THE *bhisti*, or water-carrier, attached to regiments in India, is often one of the most devoted of the Queen's servants. He is also appreciated by the men

[THIS BALLAD IS EXTENSIVELY PLAGIARIZED.]

YOU may talk o' gin an' beer

When you're quartered safe out 'ere,  
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;  
But if it comes to slaughter  
You will do your work on water,  
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's  
got it.

Now in Injia's sunny clime,  
Where I used to spend my time  
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,  
Of all them black-faced crew  
The finest man I knew  
Was our regimental *bhisti*, Gunga Din.

He was "Din! Din! Din!

You limping lump o' brack-dust, Gunga  
Din!

Hi! *slippy hitherao!*

Water, get it! *Panee lao!*<sup>1</sup>

You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din!"

The uniform 'e wore

Was nothin' much before,

An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,

For a twisty piece o' rag

An' a goatskin water-bag

Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.

When the sweatin' troop-train lay

In a sidin' through the day,

Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eye-  
brows crawl,

We shouted "Harry By!"<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bring water swiftly.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Atkins's equivalent for "O Brother!"

Till our throats were bricky-dry,  
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve  
us all.

It was "Din! Din! Din!

You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you  
been?

You put some *juldee* in it,

Or I'll *marrow* you this minute<sup>1</sup>

If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga  
Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one  
Till the longest day was done,  
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.  
If we charged or broke or cut,  
You could bet your bloomin' nut,  
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.  
With 'is *mussick* on 'is back,  
'E would skip with our attack,  
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire."

<sup>1</sup> Hit you.



An' for all 'is dirty 'ide  
'E was white, clear white, inside  
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!  
It was "Din! Din! Din!"  
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the  
green.  
When the cartridges ran out,  
You could 'ear the front-files shout:  
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I sha'n't forgit the night  
When I dropped be'ind the fight  
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a'  
been.

I was chokin' mad with thirst,  
An' the man that spied me first  
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.  
'E lifted up my 'ead,  
An' 'e plugged me where I bled,  
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water—green:

It was crawlin' and it stunk,  
But of all the drinks I've drunk,  
I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.

It was "Din! Din! Din!

'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is  
spleen;

'E's chawin' up the ground an' 'e's kickin'  
all around:

For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga  
Din!"

'E carried me away  
To where a *dooli* lay,  
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.  
'E put me safe inside,  
An' just before 'e died:  
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.  
So I'll meet 'im later on  
In the place where 'e is gone—  
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;

'E'll be squattin' on the coals  
Givin' drink to pore damned souls,  
An' I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din!

Din! Din! Din!

You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!

Tho' I've belted you an' flayed you,

By the livin' Gawd that made you,

You're a better man than I am, Gunga

Din!

*MANDALAY.*

BY the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward  
to the sea,

There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she  
thinks o' me;

For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the  
temple-bells they say:

"Come you back, you British soldier; come you  
back to Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay:

Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from  
Rangoon to Mandalay?

O the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer  
China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was  
green,

An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same  
as Theebaw's Queen,

An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin'  
white cheroot,

An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen  
idol's foot:

Bloomin' idol made o' mud—

Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—

Plucky lot she cared for idols when I

kissed 'er where she stud!

On the road to Mandalay—

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the  
sun was droppin' slow,

She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "*Kulla-  
lo-lo!*"

With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' her cheek  
agin my cheek

We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis*  
pilin' teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak

In the sludgy, squidgy creek,

Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was  
'arf afraid to speak!

On the road to Mandalay —

But that's all shove be'ind me — long ago an'  
fur away,

An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Benk  
to Mandalay;

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-  
year sodger tells:

“If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why, you  
won't 'eed nothin' else.”

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else

But them spicy garlic smells

An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an'  
the tinkly temple-bells!

On the road to Mandalay —

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gutty  
pavin'-stones,  
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever  
in my bones;  
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea  
to the Strand,  
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they  
understand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and —

Law! wot *do* they understand?

I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner,  
greener land!

On the road to Mandalay —

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the  
best is like the worst,  
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a  
man can raise a thirst;  
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there  
that I would be —

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at  
the sea—

On the road to Mandalay,  
Where the old Flotilla lay,  
With our sick beneath the awnings when  
we went to Mandalay!

Oh, the road to Mandalay,  
Where the flyin'-fishes play,  
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer  
China 'crost the Bay!



*THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER.*

WHEN the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the  
East

'E acts like a babe an' 'e drinks like a beast,  
An' 'e wonders because 'e is frequent deceased  
Ere 'e's fit for to serve as a soldier.

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

So-oldier *hof* the Queen!

Now all you recruities what's drafted tc-day,  
You shut up your rag-box an' 'ark to my lay,  
An' I'll sing you a soldier as far as I may:

A soldier what's fit for a soldier.

Fit, fit, fit for a soldier—

First, mind you steer clear o' the grog-sellers' huts,  
For they sell you Fixed Bay'nets that rots out  
your guts—

Ay, drink that 'ud eat the live steel from your  
butts—

An' it's bad for the young British soldier.

Bad, bad, bad for the soldier—

When the cholera comes—as it will past a doubt—  
Keep out of the wet and don't go on the shout,  
For the sickness comes in as the liquor dies out,

An' it crumples the young British soldier.

Crum-, crum-, crumples the soldier—

But the worst o' your foes is the sun over'eard;  
You *must* wear your 'elmet for all that is said.  
If 'e finds you uncovered 'e'll knock you down  
dead,

An' you'll die like a fool of a soldier.

Fool, fool, fool of a soldier—

If you're cast for fatigue by a sergeant unkind,  
Don't grouse like a woman nor crack on nor blind;  
Be handy and civil, and then you will find

As it's beer for the young British soldier.

Beer, beer, beer for the soldier—

Now, if you must marry, take care she is old—  
A troop-sergeant's widow's the nicest I'm told—  
For beauty won't help if your vittles is cold,

An' love ain't enough for a soldier.

'Nough, 'nough, 'nough for a soldier—

If the wife should go wrong with a comrade,  
be loath

To shoot when you catch 'em—you'll swing, on  
my oath!—

Make 'im take 'er and keep 'er; that's hell for  
them both,

An' you're quit o' the curse of a soldier.

Curse, curse, curse of a soldier—

When first under fire an' you're wishful to duck,  
Don't look or take 'eed at the man that is  
struck,

Be thankful you're livin' an' trust to your luck,  
An' march to your front like a soldier.  
Front, front, front like a soldier.

When 'arf of your bullets fly wide in the ditch,  
Don't call your Martini a cross-eyed old hitch;  
She's human as you are—you treat her as sich,  
An' she'll fight for the young British soldier.  
dier.

Fight, fight, fight for the soldier—

When shakin' their bustles like ladies so fine  
The guns o' the enemy wheel into line;  
Shoot low at the limbers and don't mind the  
shine,

For noise never startles the soldier.

Start-, start-, startles the soldier—

If your officer's dead and the sergeants look white,  
Remember it's ruin to run from a fight;  
So take open order, lie down, and sit tight,  
An' wait for supports like a soldier.

Wait, wait, wait like a soldier —

When you're wounded an' left on Afghanistan's  
plains,

An' the women come out to cut up your re-  
mains,

Jest roll to your rifle an' blow out your brains,  
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier:

Go, go, go like a soldier,

Go, go, go like a soldier,

Go, go, go like a soldier,

So-oldier *hof* the Queen.

*SCREW-GUNS.*

SMOKIN' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin'  
the mornin'-cool,  
I walks in my old brown gaiters along o' my  
old brown mule,  
With seventy gunners be'ind me, an' never a  
beggar forgets  
It's only the pick o' the Army that handles the  
dear little pets — Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the screw-  
guns they all love you.  
So when we call round with a few guns, o' course  
you will know what to do — hoo! hoo!  
Jest send in your Chief an' surrender—it's  
worse if you fights or you runs:  
You can go where you please, you can skid  
up the trees, but you don't get away from  
the guns.

They send us along where the roads are, but  
mostly we goes where they ain't;  
We'd climb up the side of a sign-board an'  
trust to the stick o' the paint;  
We've chivied the Naga an' Lushai, we've give  
the Afreedeeman fits,  
For we fancies ourselves at two thousand, we  
guns that are built in two bits—Tss! Tss!  
For you all love the screw-guns—

If a man doesn't work, why, we drills 'im an'  
teaches 'im 'ow to be'ave;  
If a beggar can't march, why, we kills 'im an'  
rattles 'im into 'is grave.  
You've got to stand up to our business an'  
spring without snatchin' or fuss.  
D' you say that you sweat with the field-guns?  
By God, you must lather with us—Tss!  
Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—

The eagles is screamin' around us, the river's  
a-moanin' below,

We're clear o' the pine an' the oak-scrub, we're  
out on the rocks an' the snow,

An' the wind is as thin as a whip-lash what  
carries away to the plains

The rattle an' stamp o' the lead-mules — the  
jinglety-jink o' the chains — Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns —

There's a wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin'  
an' a wheel on the edge o' the Pit,

An' a drop into nothin' beneath us as straight  
as a beggar can spit;

With the sweat runnin' out o' your shirt-  
sleeves an' the sun off the snow in your  
face,

An' 'arf o' the men on the drag-ropes to hold  
the old gun in 'er place — Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns —



Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the  
mornin'-cool,

I climbs in my old brown gaiters along o' my  
old brown mule.

The monkey can say what our road was—the  
wild-goat 'e knows where we passed.

Stand easy, you long-eared old darlin's! Out  
drag-ropes! With shrapnel! Hold fast!—  
Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the  
screw-guns they all love you!

So when we take tea with a few guns, o'  
course you will know what to do—  
hoo! hoo!

Just send in your Chief and surrender—  
it's worse if you fights or you runs:  
You may hide in the caves, they'll be  
only your graves, but you don't get  
away from the guns!

*BELTS.*

THERE was a row in Silver Street that's near  
to Dublin Quay,  
Between an Irish regiment an' English cavalree;  
It started at Revelly an' it lasted on till dark;  
The first man dropped at Harrison's, the last  
forninst the Park.

For it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's  
one for you!"

An' it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's  
done for you!"

O buckle an' tongue

Was the song that we sung

From Harrison's on to the Park!

There was a row in Silver Street—the regiments  
was out,

They called us "Delhi Rebels," an' we answered  
"Threes about!"

That drew them like a hornet's nest—we met  
them good an' large,  
The English at the double an' the Irish at the  
charge.

Then it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—an' I was in  
it too;

We passed the time o' day, an' then the belts  
went *whirraru*;

I misremember what occurred, but subsequent the  
storm

A *Freeman's Journal Supplemint* was all my  
uniform.

O it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—they sent the  
Polis there,

The English were too drunk to know, the Irish  
didn't care;

But when they grew impertinint we simultaneous  
rose,

Till half o' them was Liffey mud an' half was  
tatthtered clo'es.

For it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—it might ha'  
raged till now,

But some one drew his side-arm clear, an'  
nobody knew how;

'Twas Hogan took the point an' dropped; we  
saw the red blood run:

An' so we all was .murderers that started out in  
fun.

While it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—but that took  
off the shine,

Wid each man whishperin' to his next: "'Twas  
never work o' mine!"

We went away like beaten dogs, an' down the  
street we bore him,  
The poor dumb corpse that couldn't see the  
bhoys were sorry for him.

When it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—it isn't over  
yet,  
For half of us are under guard wid punishmints  
to get;  
'Tis all a mericle to me as in the Clink I lie;  
There was a row in Silver Street—begod, I  
wonder why!

But it was “Belts, belts, belts, an' that's  
one for you!”

An' it was “Belts, belts, belts, an' that's  
done for you!”

O buckle an' tongue

Was the song that we sung

From Harrison's down to the Park!



## OTHER VERSES.





TO THE UNKNOWN GODDESS.

WILL you conquer my heart with your beauty;  
my soul going out from afar?  
Shall I fall to your hand as a victim of crafty  
and cautious *shikar*?

Have I met you and passed you already,  
unknowing, unthinking and blind?  
Shall I meet you next session at Simla, O  
sweetest and best of your kind?

Does the P. and O. bear you to me-ward, or,  
clad in short frocks in the West,  
Are you growing the charms that shall capture  
and torture the heart in my breast?

Will you stay in the Plains till September—my  
passion as warm as the day?

Will you bring me to book on the Mountains,  
or where the thermantidotes play?

When the light of your eyes shall make pallid  
the mean lesser lights I pursue,  
And the charm of your presence shall lure me  
from love of the gay “thirteen-two;”

When the peg and the pig-skin shall please not;  
when I buy me Calcutta-built clothes;  
When I quit the Delight of Wild Asses; for-  
swearing the swearing of oaths;

As a deer to the hand of the hunter when I  
turn 'mid the gibes of my friends;  
When the days of my freedom are numbered,  
and the life of the bachelor ends.

Ah Goddess! child, spinster, or widow — as of  
old on Mars Hill when they raised  
To the God that they knew not an altar—so  
I, a young Pagan, have praised

The Goddess I know not nor worship; yet, if  
half that men tell me be true,  
You will come in the future, and therefore these  
verses are written to you.

*THE RUPAIYAT OF OMAR KAL'VIN.*

[ALLOWING for the difference 'twixt prose and rhymed exaggeration, this ought to reproduce the sense of what Sir A—— told the nation some time ago, when the Government struck from our incomes two per cent.]

NOW the New Year, reviving last Year's Debt,  
     The Thoughtful Fisher casteth wide his Net;  
     So I with begging Dish and ready Tongue  
 Assail all Men for all that I can get.

Imports indeed are gone with all their Dues—  
 Lo! Salt a Lever that I dare not use,  
     Nor may I ask the Tillers in Bengal—  
 Surely my Kith and Kin will not refuse!

Pay—and I promise by the Dust of Spring,  
 Retrenchment. If my promises can bring  
     Comfort, Ye have Them now a thousand-fold—  
 By Allah! I will promise *Anything!*

Indeed, indeed, Retrenchment oft before  
I swore—but did I mean it when I swore?

And then, and then, We wandered to the Hills,  
And so the Little Less became Much More.

Whether at Boileaugunge or Babylon,  
I know not how the wretched Thing is done,  
The Items of Receipt grow surely small;  
The Items of Expense mount one by one.

I cannot help it. What have I to do  
With One and Five, or Four, or Three, or Two?  
Let Scribes spit Blood and Sulphur as they  
please,  
Or Statemen call me foolish—Heed not you.

Behold, I promise—Anything You will.  
Behold, I greet you with an empty Till—  
Ah! Fellow-Sinners, of your Charity  
Seek not the Reason of the Dearth, but fill

For if I sinned and fell, where lies the Gain  
Of Knowledge? Would it ease you of your  
Pain

To know the tangled Threads of Revenue,  
I ravel deeper in a hopeless Skein?

“Who hath not Prudence”—what was it I said,  
Of Her who paints her Eyes and tires Her  
Head,

And gibes and mocks the People in the Street,  
And fawns upon them for Her thriftless Bread?

Accursed is She of Eve’s daughters—She  
Hath cast off Prudence, and Her End shall be  
Destruction . . . Brethren, of your Bounty  
grant

Some portion of your daily Bread to *Me*.

*LA NUIT BLANCHE.*

A MUCH-DISCERNING Public hold  
The Singer generally sings  
Of personal and private things, .  
And prints and sells his past for gold.

Whatever I may here disclaim,  
The very clever folk I sing to  
Will most indubitably cling to  
Their pet delusion, just the same.

I HAD seen, as dawn was breaking  
And I staggered to my rest,  
Tari Devi softly shaking  
From the Cart Road to the crest.  
I had seen the spurs of Jakko  
Heave and quiver, swell and sink.  
Was it Earthquake or tobacco,  
Day of Doom or Night of Drink?

In the full, fresh, fragrant morning  
I observed a camel crawl,

Laws of gravitation scorning,  
On the ceiling and the wall;  
Then I watched a fender walking,  
And I heard gray leeches sing,  
And a red-hot monkey talking  
Did not seem the proper thing.

Then a Creature, skinned and crimson,  
Ran about the floor and cried,  
And they said I had the "jims" on,  
And they dosed me with bromide,  
And they locked me in my bedroom —  
Me and one wee Blood Red Mouse —  
Though I said: "To give my head room  
"You had best unroof the house."

But my words were all unheeded,  
Though I told the grave M.D.  
That the treatment really needed  
Was a dip in open sea



That was lapping just below me,  
Smooth as silver, white as snow,  
And it took three men to throw me  
When I found I could not go.

Half the night I watched the Heavens  
Fizz like '81 champagne —  
Fly to sixes and to sevens,  
Wheel and thunder back again;  
And when all was peace and order  
Save one planet nailed askew,  
Much I wept because my warder  
Would not let me set it true.

After frenzied hours of waiting,  
When the Earth and Skies were dumb,  
Pealed an awful voice dictating  
An interminable sum,  
Changing to a tangled story —  
“What she said you said I said —”

Till the Moon arose in glory,  
And I found her . . . in my head;

Then a Face came, blind and weeping,  
And It couldn't wipe Its eyes,  
And It muttered I was keeping  
Back the moonlight from the skies;  
So I patted It for pity,  
But It whistled shrill with wrath,  
And a huge black Devil City  
Poured its peoples on my path.

So I fled with steps uncertain  
On a thousand-year long race,  
But the bellying of the curtain  
Kept me always in one place;  
While the tumult rose and maddened  
To the roar of Earth on fire,  
Ere it ebbed and sank and saddened  
To a whisper tense as wire.

In intolerable stillness

Rose one little, little star,  
And it chuckled at my illness,  
And it mocked me from afar;  
And its brethren came and eyed me,  
Called the Universe to aid,  
Till I lay, with naught to hide me,  
'Neath the Scorn of All Things Made.

Dun and saffron, robed and splendid,  
Broke the solemn, pitying Day,  
And I knew my pains were ended,  
And I turned and tried to pray;  
But my speech was shattered wholly,  
And I wept as children weep,  
Till the dawn-wind, softly, slowly,  
Brought to burning eyelids sleep.

*MY RIVAL.*

I GO to concert, party, ball —

What profit is in these?

I sit alone against the wall

And strive to look at ease.

The incense that is mine by right

They burn before Her shrine;

And that's because I'm seventeen

And She is forty-nine.

I cannot check my girlish blush,

My color comes and goes;

I redden to my finger-tips,

And sometimes to my nose.

But She is white where white should be,

And red where red should shine.

The blush that flies at seventeen  
Is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish *I* had Her constant cheek:

I wish that I could sing  
All sorts of funny little songs,  
Not quite the proper thing.  
I'm very *gauche* and very shy,  
Her jokes aren't in my line;  
And, worst of all, I'm seventeen  
While She is forty-nine.

The young men come, the young men go,  
Each pink and white and neat,  
She's older than their mothers, but  
They grovel at Her feet.  
They walk beside Her '*rickshaw* wheels —  
None ever walk by mine;  
And that's because I'm seventeen  
And She is forty-nine.

She rides with half a dozen men,  
    (She calls them "boys" and "mashers")  
I trot along the Mall alone;  
    My prettiest frocks and sashes  
Don't help to fill my programme-card,  
    And vainly I repine  
From ten to two A.M. Ah me!  
    Would I were forty-nine!

She calls me "darling," "pet," and "dear,"  
    And "sweet retiring maid."  
I'm always at the back, I know,  
    She puts me in the shade.  
She introduces me to men,  
    "Cast" lovers, I opine,  
For sixty takes to seventeen,  
    Nineteen to forty-nine.

But even She must older grow  
    And end Her dancing days, .

She can't go on forever so

At concerts, balls, and plays.

One ray of priceless hope I see

Before my footsteps shine;

Just think, that She'll be eighty-one

When I am forty-nine.

## THE LOVERS' LITANY.

EYES of gray — a sodden quay,  
Driving rain and falling tears,  
As the steamer wears to sea  
In a parting storm of cheers.  
Sing, for Faith and Hope are high —  
None so true as you and I —  
Sing the Lovers' Litany: —  
*"Love like ours can never die!"*

Eyes of black — a throbbing keel,  
Milky foam to left and right;  
Whispered converse near the wheel  
In the brilliant tropic night.  
Cross that rules the Southern Sky!  
Stars that sweep and wheel and fly,  
Hear the Lovers' Litany: —  
*"Love like ours can never die!"*



Eyes of brown — a dusty plain  
Split and parched with heat of June,  
Flying hoof and tightened rein,  
Hearts that beat the old, old tune.

Side by side the horses fly,  
Frame we now the old reply  
Of the Lovers' Litany: —  
*"Love like ours can never die!"*

Eyes of blue — the Simla Hills  
Silvered with the moonlight hoar;  
Pleading of the waltz that thrills,  
Dies and echoes round Benmore.

*"Mabel," "Officers," "Good-by,"*  
Glamour, wine, and witchery —  
On my soul's sincerity,  
*"Love like ours can never die!"*

Maidens, of your charity,  
Pity my most luckless state.

Four times Cupid's debtor I—  
Bankrupt in quadruplicate.

Yet, despite this evil case,  
An a maiden showed me grace,  
Four-and-forty times would I  
Sing the Lovers' Litany:—  
*"Love like ours can never die!"*

*A BALLAD OF BURIAL.*

*("Saint Praxed's ever was the Church for peace.")*

IF down here I chance to die,

Solemnly I beg you take

All that is left of "I"

To the Hills for old sake's sake.

Pack me very thoroughly

In the ice that used to slake

Pegs I drank when I was dry—

This observe for old sake's sake.

To the railway station hie,

There a single ticket take

For Umballa—goods-train—I

Shall not mind delay or shake.

I shall rest contentedly

Spite of clamor coolies make;

Thus in state and dignity  
Send me up for old sake's sake.

Next the sleepy Babu wake,  
Book a Kalka van "for four."  
Few, I think, will care to make  
Journeys with me any more  
As they used to do of yore.  
I shall need a "special" break—  
Thing I never took before—  
Get me one for old sake's sake.

After that—arrangements make.  
No hotel will take me in,  
And a bullock's back would break  
'Neath the teak and leaden skin.  
Tonga ropes are frail and thin,  
Or, did I a back-seat take,  
In a tonga I might spin,—  
Do your best for old sake's sake.

After that—your work is done.

Recollect a Padre must  
Mourn the dear departed one—  
Throw the ashes and the dust.  
Don't go down at once. I trust  
You will find excuse to "snake  
Three days' casual on the bust,"  
Get your fun for old sake's sake.

I could never stand the Plains.

Think of blazing June and May,  
Think of those September rains  
Yearly till the Judgment Day!  
I should never rest in peace,  
I should sweat and lie awake.  
Rail me then, on my decease,  
To the Hills for old sake's sake.

*DIVIDED DESTINIES.*

IT was an artless *Bandar*, and he danced upon  
a pine,  
And much I wondered how he lived, and where  
the beast might dine,  
And many, many other things, till, o'er my  
morning smoke,  
I slept the sleep of idleness and dreamt that  
*Bandar* spoke.

He said: "O man of many clothes! Sad  
crawler on the Hills!  
Observe, I know not Ranken's shop, nor Ranken's  
monthly bills;  
I take no heed to trousers or the coats that  
you call dress;  
Nor am I plagued with little cards for little  
drinks at Mess.

"I steal the bunnia's grain at morn, at noon  
and eventide,  
(For he is fat and I am spare), I roam the  
mountain side,  
I follow no man's carriage, and no, never in  
my life  
Have I flirted at Peliti's with another *Bandur's*  
wife.

"O man of futile fopperies—unnecessary wraps;  
I own no ponies in the hills, I drive no tall-  
wheeled traps;  
I buy me not twelve-button gloves, 'short-  
sixes' eke, or rings,  
Nor do I waste at Hamilton's my wealth on  
'pretty things.'

"I quarrel with my wife at home, we never  
fight abroad;  
But Mrs. B. has grasped the fact I am her  
only lord.

I never heard of fever—dumps nor debts depress my soul;  
And I pity and despise you!" Here he pouched  
my breakfast-roll.

His hide was very mangy, and his face was very red,  
And ever and anon he scratched with energy his  
head.

His manners were not always nice, but how  
my spirit cried  
To be an artless *Bandar* loose upon the mountain  
side!

So I answered: "Gentle *Bandar*, an inscrutable  
Decree  
Makes thee a gleesome fleasome Thou, and me a  
wretched Me.

Go! Depart in peace, my brother, to thy home  
amid the pine;  
Yet forget not once a mortal wished to change  
his lot with thine."



*THE MASQUE OF PLENTY.*

ARGUMENT.—The Indian Government, being minded to discover the economic condition of their lands, sent a Committee to inquire into it; and saw that it was good.

SCENE.—*The wooded heights of Simlu. The Incarnation of the Government of India in the raiment of the Angel of Plenty sings, to piano-forte accompaniment:—*

“HOW sweet is the shepherd’s sweet life!  
From the dawn to the even he strays—  
He shall follow his sheep all the day,  
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

*(Adagio dim.)* Fillèd with praise!”

*(Largendo con sp.)* Now this is the position,  
Go make an inquisition  
Into their real condition  
As swiftly as ye may.

(*p.*) Ay, paint our swarthy billions  
 The richest of vermilion  
 Ere two well-led cotillions  
 Have danced themselves away.

TURKISH PATROL, *as able and intelligent Investigators wind down the Himalayas:—*

What is the state of the Nation? What is its  
 occupation?

Hi! get along, get along, get along—lend us  
 the information!

(*Dim.*) Census the *byle* and the *yabu*—capture a  
 first-class Babu,

Set him to cut Gazetteers—Gazetteers . . .

(*ff.*) What is the state of the Nation, etc., etc.

INTERLUDE, *from Nowhere in Particular, to stringed  
 and Oriental instruments.*

Our cattle reel beneath the yoke they bear—

The earth is iron, and the skies are brass—

And faint with fervor of the flaming air  
The languid hours pass.

The well is dry beneath the village tree—  
The young wheat withers ere it reach a  
span,  
And belts of blinding sand show cruelly  
Where once the river ran.

Pray, brothers, pray, but to no earthly King—  
Lift up your hands above the blighted grain,  
Look westward—if they please, the Gods shall  
bring  
Their mercy with the rain.

Look westward—bears the blue no brown cloud-  
bank?

Nay, it is written—wherefore should we fly?  
On our own field and by our cattle's flank  
Lie down, lie down to die!

## SEMI-CHORUS.

By the plumed heads of Kings  
    Waving high,  
Where the tall corn springs  
    O'er the dead.

If they rust or rot we die,  
If they ripen we are fed.  
Very mighty is the power of our Kings!

*Triumphal return to Simla of the Investigators,  
attired after the manner of Dionysus, leading a  
pet tiger-cub in wreaths of rhubarb leaves, sym-  
bolical of India under medical treatment. They  
sing:—*

We have seen, we have written—behold it, the  
    proof of our manifold toil!  
In their hosts they assembled and told it—the  
    tale of the sons of the soil.

We have said of the Sickness, "Where is it?"—  
and of Death, "It is far from our ken;"  
We have paid a particular visit to the affluent  
children of men.  
We have trodden the mart and the well-curb—  
we have stooped to the field and the byre;  
And the King may the forces of Hell curb, for  
the People have all they desire!

*Castanets and step-dance:*

Oh, the *dom* and the *mag* and the *thakur* and  
the *thag*,  
And the *nat* and the *brinjaree*,  
And the *bunnia* and the *ryot* are as happy and  
as quiet  
And as plump as they can be!  
Yes, the *jain* and the *jat* in his stucco-fronted hut,  
And the bounding *bazugar*,  
By the favor of the King, are as fat as anything,  
They are—they are—they are!

RECITATIVE, *Government of India, with white satin wings and electroplated harp:—*

How beautiful upon the mountains—in peace  
reclining,

Thus to be assured that our people are unani-  
mously dining.

And though there are places not so blessed as  
others in natural advantages, which, after all,  
was only to be expected,

Proud and glad are we to congratulate you upon  
the work you have thus ably effected.

(*Cres.*) How be-ewtiful upon the mountains!

HIREB BAND, *brasses only, full chorus:—*

God bless the Squire

And all his rich relations

Who teach us poor people

We eat our proper rations—

We eat our proper rations,

In spite of inundations,

Malarial exhalations,  
And casual starvations,  
We have, we have, they say we have—  
We *have* our proper rations!

(*Cornet.*)

Which nobody can deny!  
If he does he tells a lie—  
We are all as willing as Barkis—  
We all of us loves the Markiss—  
We all of us stuffs our ca-ar-kis—  
With food until we die! (*Da capo.*)

CHORUS OF THE CRYSTALLIZED FACTS.

Before the beginning of years  
There came to the rule of the State  
Men with a pair of shears,  
Men with an Estimate—  
Strachey with Muir for leaven,  
Lytton with locks that fell,

Ripon fooling with Heaven,  
And Temple riding like H-ll!  
And the bigots took in hand  
Cess and the falling of rain,  
And the measure of sifted sand  
The dealer puts in the grain—  
Imports by land and sea,  
To uttermost decimal worth,  
And registration—free—  
In the houses of death and of birth:  
And fashioned with pens and paper,  
And fashioned in black and white,  
With Life for a flickering taper  
And Death for a blazing light—  
With the Armed and the Civil Power,  
That his strength might endure for a span,  
From Adam's Bridge to Peshawur,  
The Much Administered man.

In the towns of the North and the East,  
They gathered as unto rule.



They bade him starve the priest  
And send his children to school.  
Railways and roads they wrought,  
For the needs of the soil within;  
A time to squabble in court,  
A time to bear and to grin.  
And gave him peace in his ways,  
Jails—and Police to fight,  
Justice at length of days,  
And Right—and Might in the Right.  
His speech is of mortgaged bedding,  
On his kine he borrows yet,  
At his heart is his daughter's wedding,  
In his eye foreknowledge of debt.  
He eats and hath indigestion,  
He toils and he may not stop;  
His life is a long-drawn question  
Between a crop and a crop.

*THE MARE'S NEST.*

JANE Austen Beecher Stowe de Rouse  
Was good beyond all earthly need;  
But, on the other hand, her spouse  
Was very, very bad indeed.  
He smoked cigars, called churches slow,  
And raced—but this she did not know.

For Belial Machiavelli kept  
The little fact a secret, and,  
Though o'er his minor sins she wept,  
Jane Austen did not understand  
That Lilly—thirteen-two and bay—  
Absorbed one half her husband's pay.

She was so good, she made him worse;  
(Some women are like this, I think;)

He taught her parrot how to curse,  
Her Assam monkey how to drink.  
He vexed her righteous soul until  
She went up, and he went down hill.

Then came the crisis, strange to say,  
Which turned a good wife to a better.  
A telegraphic peon, one day,  
Brought her — now, had it been a letter  
For Belial Machiavelli, I  
Know Jane would just have let it lie.

But 'twas a telegram instead,  
Marked "urgent," and her duty plain  
To open it. Jane Austen read:—  
"Your Lilly's got a cough again.  
Can't understand why she is kept  
At your expense." Jane Austin wept.

It was a misdirected wire.

Her husband was at Shaitanpore.

She spread her anger, hot as fire,  
Through six thin foreign sheets or more,  
Sent off that letter, wrote another  
To her solicitor — and mother.

Then Belial Machiavelli saw  
Her error and, I trust, his own,  
Wired to the minion of the Law,  
And travelled wifeward — not alone.  
For Lilly — thirteen-two and bay —  
Came in a horse-box all the way.

There was a scene — a weep or two —  
With many kisses. Austen Jane  
Rode Lilly all the season through,  
And never opened wires again.  
She races now with Belial. This  
Is very sad, but so it is.

*POSSIBILITIES.*

A Y, lay him 'neath the Simla pine—  
A fortnight fully to be missed,  
Behold, we lose our fourth at whist,  
A chair is vacant where we dine.

His place forgets him; other men  
Have bought his ponies, guns, and traps.  
His fortune is the Great Perhaps  
And that cool rest-house down the glen,

Whence he shall hear, as spirits may,  
Our mundane revel on the height,  
Shall watch each flashing 'rickshaw-light  
Sweep on to dinner, dance, and play.

Benmore shall woo him to the ball  
With lighted rooms and braying band,  
And he shall hear and understand  
“*Dream Faces*” better than us all.

For, think you, as the vapors flee  
Across Sanjaolie after rain,  
His soul may climb the hill again  
To each old field of victory.

Unseen, who women held so dear,  
The strong man’s yearning to his kind  
Shall shake at most the window-blind,  
Or dull awhile the card-room’s cheer.

In his own place of power unknown,  
His Light o’ Love another’s flame,  
His dearest pony galloped lame,  
And he an alien and alone.

Yet may he meet with many a friend—  
Shrewd shadows, lingering long unseen  
Among us when "*God save the Queen*"  
Shows even "extras" have an end.

And, when we leave the heated room,  
And, when at four the lights expire,  
The crew shall gather round the fire  
And mock our laughter in the gloom.

Talk as we talked, and they ere death—  
First wanly, dance in ghostly wise,  
With ghosts of tunes for melodies,  
And vanish at the morning's breath.

*CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.*

DIM dawn behind the tamarisks—the sky is  
saffron-yellow—

As the women in the village grind the corn,  
And the parrots seek the river-side, each calling  
to his fellow

That the Day, the staring Eastern Day is born.

Oh the white dust on the highway! Oh the  
stenches in the byway!

Oh the clammy fog that hovers over earth!  
And at Home they're making merry 'neath  
the white and scarlet berry—

What part have India's exiles in their mirth?

Full day behind the tamarisks—the sky is blue  
and staring—

As the cattle crawl afield beneath the yoke,



And they bear One o'er the field-path, who is  
past all hope or caring,  
To the ghât below the curling wreaths of smoke.  
Call on Rama, going slowly, as ye bear a  
brother lowly —  
Call on Rama—he may hear, perhaps, your  
voice!  
With our hymn-books and our psalters we  
appeal to other altars,  
And to-day we bid “good Christian men  
rejoice!”

High noon behind the tamarisks—the sun is hot  
above us—

As at Home the Christmas Day is breaking wan.  
They will drink our healths at dinner—those who  
tell us how they love us,  
And forget us till another year be gone!  
Oh the toil that knows no breaking! Oh  
the *Heimweh*, ceaseless, aching!

Oh the black dividing Sea and alien Plain!  
Youth was cheap—wherefore we sold it.  
Gold was good—we hoped to hold it,  
And to-day we know the fulness of our  
gain.

Gray dusk behind the tamarisks—the parrots fly  
together—

As the sun is sinking slowly over Home;  
And his last ray seems to mock us shackled in  
a lifelong tether  
That drags us back howe'er so far we  
roam.

Hard her service, poor her payment—she in  
ancient, tattered raiment—  
India, she the grim Stepmother of our  
kind.

If a year of life be lent her, if her temple's  
shrine we enter,

The door is shut—we may not look behind.

Black night behind the tamarisks — the owls  
begin their chorus —

As the conches from the temple scream and  
bray.

With the fruitless years behind us, and the  
hopeless years before us,

Let us honor, O my brothers, Christmas Day!

Call a truce, then, to our labors—let us  
. feast with friends and neighbors,

And be merry as the custom of our caste;  
For if “faint and forced the laughter,” and  
if sadness follow after,

We are richer by one mocking Christmas  
past.

*PAGETT, M.P.*

THE toad beneath the harrow knows  
Exactly where each tooth-point goes.  
The butterfly upon the road  
Preaches contentment to that toad.

PAGETT, M.P., was a liar, and a fluent liar  
therewith, —

He spoke of the heat of India as the "Asian  
Solar Myth;"

Came on a four months' visit, to "study the  
East," in November,

And I got him to sign an agreement vowing to  
stay till September.

March came in with the *köiz*. Pagett was cool  
and gay,

Called me a "bloated Brahmin," talked of my  
"princely pay."

March went out with the roses. "Where is your heat?" said he.

"Coming," said I to Pagett. "Skittles!" said Pagett, M. P.

April began with the punkah, coolies, and prickly-heat, —

Pagett was dear to mosquitoes, sandflies found him a treat.

He grew speckled and lumpy — hammered, I grieve to say,

Aryan brothers who fanned him, in an illiberal way.

May set in with a dust-storm, — Pagett went down with the sun.

All the delights of the season tickled him one by one.

*Imprimis* — ten days' "liver" — due to his drinking beer;

Later, a dose of fever — slight, but he called it severe.

Dysent'ry touched him in June, after the *Chota*  
*Bursat*—

Lowered his portly person—made him yearn to  
depart.

He didn't call me a "Brahmin," or "bloated,"  
or "overpaid,"

But seemed to think it a wonder that any one stayed.

July was a trifle unhealthy,—Pagett was ill  
with fear,

'Called it the "Cholera Morbus," hinted that life  
was dear.

He babbled of "Eastern exile," and mentioned  
his home with tears;

But I hadn't seen *my* children for close upon  
seven years.

•

We reached a hundred and twenty once in the  
Court at noon,

(I've mentioned Pagett was portly) Pagett went  
off in a swoon.

That was an end to the business; Pagett, the  
perjured, fled  
With a practical, working knowledge of "Solar  
Myths" in his head.

And I laughed as I drove from the station, but  
the mirth died out on my lips  
As I thought of the fools like Pagett who write  
of their "Eastern trips,"  
And the sneers of the travelled idiots who duly  
misgovern the land,  
And I prayed to the Lord to deliver another one  
into my hand.

*THE SONG OF THE WOMEN.**(Lady Dufferin's Fund for medical aid to the Women of India.)*

HOW shall she know the worship we would  
do her?

The walls are high, and she is very far.

How shall the women's message reach unto her  
Above the tumult of the packed bazaar?

Free wind of March, against the lattice  
blowing,

Bear thou our thanks, lest she depart  
unknowing.

Go forth across the fields we may not roam in,  
Go forth beyond the trees that rim the city,  
To whatsoe'er fair place she hath her home in,  
Who dowered us with wealth of love and pity.



Out of our shadow pass, and seek her sing-  
ing—

“I have no gifts but Love alone for bringing.”

Say that we be a feeble folk who greet her,  
But old in grief, and very wise in tears;  
Say that we, being desolate, entreat her  
That she forget us not in after years;  
For we have seen the light, and it were  
grievous  
To dim that dawning if our lady leave us.

By life that ebbd with none to stanch the  
failing,  
By Love's sad harvest garnered in the spring,  
When Love in ignorance wept unavailing  
O'er young buds dead before their blossoming;  
By all the gray owl watched, the pale moon  
viewed,  
In past grim years, declare our gratitude!

By hands uplifted to the Gods that heard not,  
By gifts that found no favor in their sight,  
By faces bent above the babe that stirred not,  
By nameless horrors of the stifling night;  
By ills foredone, by peace her toils discover,  
Bid Earth be good beneath and Heaven  
above her!

If she have sent her servants in our pain,  
If she have fought with Death and dulled his  
sword;  
If she have given back our sick again,  
And to the breast the weakling lips restored,  
Is it a little thing that she has wrought?  
Then Life and Death and Motherhood be  
nought.

Go forth, O wind, our message on thy wings,  
And they shall hear thee pass and bid thee  
speed,

In reed-roofed hut, or white-walled home of  
kings,

Who have been helped by her in their need.

All spring shall give thee fragrance, and the  
wheat

Shall be a tasselled floorcloth to thy feet.

Haste, for our hearts are with thee, take no  
rest!

Loud-voiced ambassador, from sea to sea  
Proclaim the blessing, manifold, confest,

Of those in darkness by her hand set free,

Then very softly to her presence move, .

And whisper: "Lady, lo, they know and  
love!"

*A BALLADE OF JAKKO HILL.*

○NE moment bid the horses wait,  
Since tiffin is not laid till three,  
Below the upward path and straight  
You climbed a year ago with me.  
Love came upon us suddenly  
And loosed—an idle hour to kill—  
A headless, armless armory  
That smote us both on Jakko Hill.  
  
Ah Heaven! we would wait and wait  
Through Time and to Eternity!  
Ah Heaven! we could conquer Fate  
With more than Godlike constancy!  
I cut the date upon a tree—  
Here stand the clumsy figures still:—  
“10-7-85, A.D.”  
Damp with the mist on Jakko Hill.

What came of high resolve and great,  
And until Death fidelity?  
Whose horse is waiting at your gate?  
Whose *'rickshaw*-wheels ride over me?  
No Saint's, I swear; and—let me see  
To-night what names your programme fill—  
We drift asunder merrily,  
As drifts the mist on Jakko Hill!

L'ENVOI.

Princess, behold our ancient state  
Has clean departed; and we see  
'Twas Idleness we took for Fate  
That bound light bonds on you and me.  
Amen! Here ends the comedy  
Where it began in all good will;  
Since Love and Leave together flee  
As driven mist on Jakko Hill!

*THE PLEA OF THE SIMLA DANCERS.*

Too late, alas! the song  
 To remedy the wrong,—  
 The rooms are taken from us, swept and garnished for their fate.  
 But these tear-besprinkled pages  
 Shall attest to future ages  
 That we cried against the crime of it—too late, alas! too late!

“WHAT have we ever done to bear this  
 grudge?”

Was there no room save only in Benmore  
 For docket, *duftar*, and for office drudge,  
 That you usurp our smoothest dancing floor?  
 Must babus do their work on polished teak?  
 Are ball-rooms fittest for the ink you spill?  
 Was there no other cheaper house to seek?  
 You might have left them all at Strawberry Hill.

We never harmed you! Innocent our guise,  
 Dainty our shining feet, our voices low;

And we revolved to divers melodies,

And we were happy but a year ago.

To-night, the moon that watched our lightsome  
wiles —

That beamed upon us through the deodars —  
Is wan with gazing on official files,  
And desecrating desks disgust the stars.

Nay! by the memory of tuneful nights —

Nay! by the witchery of flying feet —

Nay! by the glamour of fondorne delights —

By all things merry, musical, and meet —

By wine that sparkled, and by sparkling eyes —

By wailing waltz — by reckless gallop's strain —

By dim verandas and by soft replies,

Give us our ravished ball-room back again!

Or—hearken to the curse we lay on you!

The ghosts of waltzes shall perplex your brain,  
And murmurs of past merriment pursue

Your 'wildered clerks that they indite in vain;

And, when you count your poor Provincial  
millions,

The only figures that your pen shall frame  
Shall be the figures of dear, dear cotillions  
Danced out in tumult long before you came.

Yea! "*See Saw*" shall upset your estimates,  
"*Dream Faces*" shall your heavy heads bemuse,  
Because your hand, unheeding, desecrates  
Our temple; fit for higher, worthier use.  
And all the long verandas, eloquent  
With echoes of a score of Simla years,  
Shall plague you with unbidden sentiment—  
Babbling of kisses, laughter, love, and tears.

So shall you mazed amid old memories stand,  
So shall you toil, and shall accomplish  
nought,  
And ever in your ears a phantom Band  
Shall blare away the staid official thought.



Wherefore — and ere this awful curse be spoken,  
Cast out your swarthy sacrilegious train,  
And give — ere dancing cease and hearts be  
broken —  
Give us our ravished ball-room back again !

*BALLAD OF FISHER'S BOARDING-HOUSE.*

THAT night, when through the mooring-chains  
The wide-eyed corpse rolled free,  
To blunder down by Garden Reach  
And rot at Kedgerree,  
The tale the Hughli told the shoal  
The lean shoal told to me.

'TWAS Fultah Fisher's boarding-house  
Where sailor-men reside,  
And there were men of all the ports  
From Mississip to Clyde,  
And regally they spat and smoked,  
And fearsomely they lied.

They lied about the purple Sea  
That gave them scanty bread,  
They lied about the Earth beneath,  
The Heavens overhead,  
For they had looked too often on  
Black rum when that was red.

They told their tales of wreck and wrong,  
Of shame and lust and fraud,  
They backed their toughest statements with  
The Brimstone of the Lord,  
And crackling oaths went to and fro  
Across the fist-banged board.

And there was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,  
Bull-throated, bare of arm,  
Who carried on his hairy chest  
The maid Ultruda's charm—  
The little silver crucifix  
That keeps a man from harm.

And there was Jake Without-the-Ears,  
And Pamba the Malay,  
And Carboy Gin the Guinea cook,  
And Luz from Vigo Bay,  
And Honest Jack who sold them slops  
And harvested their pay.

And there was Salem Hardieker,  
A lean Bostonian he —  
Russ, German, English, Halfbreed, Finn,  
Yank, Dane, and Portugee,  
At Fultah Fisher's boarding-house  
They rested from the sea.

Now Anne of Austria shared their drinks,  
Collinga knew her fame,  
From Tarnau in Galicia  
To Jaun Bazar she came,  
To eat the bread of infamy  
And take the wage of shame.

She held a dozen men to heel —  
Rich spoil of war was hers,  
In hose and gown and ring and chain,  
From twenty mariners,  
And, by Port Law, that week, men called  
Her Salem Hardieker's.

But seamen learnt — what landmen know —

That neither gifts nor gain

Can hold a winking Light o' Love

Or Fancy's flight restrain,

When Anne of Austria rolled her eyes

On Hans the blue-eyed Dane.

Since Life is strife, and strife means knife,

From Howrah to the Bay,

And he may die before the dawn

Who liquored out the day,

In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house

We woo while yet we may.

But cold was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,

Bull-throated, bare of arm,

And laughter shook the chest beneath

The maid Ultruda's charm —

The little silver crucifix

That keeps a man from harm.

"You speak to Salem Hardieker,  
You was his girl, I know.  
I ship mineselfs to-morrow, see,  
Und round the Skaw we go,  
South, down the Cattogat, by Hjelm,  
To Besser in Saro."

When love rejected turns to hate,  
All ill betide the man.

"You speak to Salem Hardieker" —

She spoke as woman can.

A scream — a sob — "He called me — names!"

And then the fray began.

An oath from Salem Hardieker,

A shriek upon the stairs,

A dance of shadows on the wall,

A knife-thrust unawares —

And Hans came down, as cattle drop,

Across the broken chairs.

. . . . .

In Anne of Austria's trembling hands

The weary head fell low:—

“I ship mineselfs to-morrow, straight

For Besser in Saro:

Und there Ultruda comes to me

At Easter, und I go

“South, down the Cattedgat— What's here?

There — are — no — lights — to — guide!”

The mutter ceased, the spirit passed,

And Anne of Austria cried

In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house

When Hans the mighty died.

Thus slew they Hans the blue-eyed Dane,

Bull-throated, bare of arm,

But Anne of Austria looted first

The maid Ultruda's charm—

The little silver crucifix

That keeps a man from harm.

## "AS THE BELL CLINKS."

AS I left the Halls at Lumley, rose the  
vision of a comely  
Maid last season worshipped dumbly, watched with  
fervor from afar;  
And I wondered idly, blindly, if the maid would  
greet me kindly.  
That was all—the rest was settled by the clink-  
ing tonga-bar.  
Yea, my life and hers were coupled by the tonga  
coupling-bar.  
For my misty meditation, at the second changing-  
station,  
Suffered sudden dislocation, fled before the tune-  
less jar  
Of a Wagner *obbligato*, *scherzo*, double-hand *stac-  
cato*,



Played on either pony's saddle by the clacking  
tonga-bar —

Played with human speech, I fancied, by the  
jigging, jolting bar.

“She was sweet,” thought I, “last season, but  
'twere surely wild unreason

Such tiny hope to freeze on as was offered by  
my Star,

When she whispered, something sadly: — ‘I — we  
feel your going badly!’ ”

*“And you let the chance escape you?”* rapped the  
rattling tonga-bar.

*‘What a chance and what an idiot!’* clicked  
the vicious tonga-bar.

Heart of man — oh, heart of putty! Had I gone  
by Kakahutti,

On the old Hill-road and rutty, I had 'scaped  
that fatal car,

But his fortune each must bide by, so I  
watched the milestones slide by,  
To "*You call on Her to-morrow!*"—fugue with  
cymbals by the bar—

"*You must call on Her to-morrow!*"—post-horn  
gallop by the bar.

Yet a further stage my goal on—we were whirl-  
ing down to Solon,  
With a double lurch and roll on, best foot fore-  
most, *ganz und gar*—

"She was *very* sweet," I hinted. "If a kiss had  
been imprinted—?"

"*'Would ha' saved a world of trouble!*" clashed  
the busy tonga-bar.

"*'Been accepted or rejected!*" banged and clanged  
the tonga-bar.

Then a notion wild and daring, 'spite the income  
tax's paring,  
And a hasty thought of sharing—less than many  
incomes are,

Made me put a question private, you can guess  
what I would drive at.

*“You must work the sum to prove it,”* clanked  
the careless tonga-bar.

*“Simple Rule of Two will prove it,”* lilted back  
the tonga-bar.

It was under Khyraghaut I mused:—“Suppose  
the maid be haughty—

(There are lovers rich—and forty)—wait some  
wealthy Avatar?

Answer, monitor untiring, ’twixt the ponies twain  
perspiring!”

*“Faint heart never won fair lady,”* creaked the  
straining tonga-bar.

*“Can I tell you ere you ask Her?”* pounded slow  
the tonga-bar.

Last, the Tara Devi turning showed the lights  
of Simla burning,

Lit my little lazy yearning to a fiercer flame by far.

As below the Mall we jingled, through my very  
heart it tingled —

Did the iterated order of the threshing tonga-  
bar —

“*Try your luck—you can't do better!*” twanged  
the loosened tonga-bar.

*AN OLD SONG.*

SO long as 'neath the Kalka hills  
The tonga-horn shall ring,  
So long as down the Solon dip  
The hard-held ponies swing,  
So long as Tara Devi sees  
The lights o' Sinla town,  
So long as Pleasure calls us up,  
And duty drives us down,  
*If you love me as I love you,*  
*What pair so happy as we two?*

So long as Aces take the King,  
Or backers take the bet,  
So long as debt leads men to wed,  
Or marriage leads to debt,  
So long as little luncheons, Love,  
And scandal hold their vogue,

While there is sport at Annandale

Or whiskey at Jutogh,

*If you love me as I love you,*

*What knife can cut our love in two?*

So long as down the rocking floor

The raving polka spins,

So long as Kitchen Lancers spur

The maddened violins,

So long as through the whirling smoke

We hear the oft-told tale:—

“Twelve hundred in the Lotteries,”

And *Whatshername* for sale?

*If you love me as I love you,*

*We'll play the game and win it too.*

So long as Lust or Lucre tempt

Straight riders from the course,

So long as with each drink we pour

Black brewage of Remorse,

So long as those unloaded guns  
    We keep beside the bed  
Blow off, by obvious accident,  
    The lucky owner's head,  
    *If you love me as I love you,*  
    *What can Life kill or Death undo?*

So long as Death 'twixt dance and dance  
    Chills best and bravest blood,  
And drops the reckless rider down  
    The rotten, rain-soaked *khud*,  
So long as rumors from the North  
    Make loving wives afraid,  
So long as Burma takes the boy  
    And typhoid kills the maid,  
    *If you love me as I love you,*  
    *What knife can cut our love in two?*

By all that lights our daily life  
    Or works our lifelong woe,

From Boileaugunge to Simla Downs  
And those grim glades below,  
Where, heedless of the flying hoof  
And clamor overhead,  
Sleep, with the gray langur for guard,  
Our very scornful Dead,  
*If you love me as I love you,*  
*All Earth is servant to us two?*

By Docket, Billetdoux, and File,  
By Mountain, Cliff, and Fir,  
By Fan and Sword and Office-box,  
By Corset, Plume, and Spur,  
By Riot, Revel, Waltz, and War,  
By Women, Work, and Bills,  
By all the life that fizzes in  
The everlasting Hills,  
*If you love me as I love you,*  
*What pair so happy as we two?*



*CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ.*

I.

IF It be pleasant to look on, stalled in the  
packed *serai*,  
Does not the Young Man try Its temper and  
pace ere he buy?  
If She be pleasant to look on, what does the  
Young Man say?  
"Lo! She is pleasant to look on, give Her to  
me to-day!"

II.

Yea, though a Kafir die, to him is remitted Jehannum  
If he borrowed in life from a native at sixty  
per cent per annum.

III.

Blister we not for *bursati*? So when the heart is  
vext,  
The pain of one maiden's refusal is drowned in  
the pain of the next.

## IV.

The temper of chums, the love of your wife, and  
a new piano's tune—  
Which of the three will you trust at the end  
of an Indian June?

## V.

Who are the rulers of Ind—to whom shall we  
bow the knee?  
Make your peace with the women, and men will  
make you L. G.

## VI.

Does the woodpecker flit round the young *ferash*?  
Does grass clothe a new-built wall?  
Is she under thirty, the woman who holds a boy  
in her thrall?

## VII.

If She grow suddenly gracious—reflect. Is it  
all for thee?  
The black-buck is stalked through the bullock,  
and Man through jealousy.

VIII.

Seek not for favor of women. So shall you  
find it indeed.

Does not the boar break cover just when you're  
lighting a weed?

IX.

If He play, being young and unskilful, for shekels  
of silver and gold,

Take His money, my son, praising Allah. The  
kid was ordained to be sold.

X.

With a "weed" among men or horses verily this  
is the best,

That you work him in office or dog-cart lightly  
—but give him no rest.

XI.

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving the  
manners and carriage;

But the colt who is wise will abstain from the  
terrible thorn-bit of Marriage.

## XII.

As the thriftless gold of the *babul*, so is the  
gold that we spend  
On a Derby Sweep, or our neighbor's wife, or  
the horse that we buy from a friend.

## XIII.

The ways of man with a maid be strange, yet  
simple and tame  
To the ways of a man with a horse, when  
selling or racing that same.

## XIV.

In public Her face turneth to thee, and pleasant  
Her smile when ye meet.  
It is ill. The cold rocks of El-Gidar smile  
thus on the waves at their feet.  
In public Her face is averted, with anger She  
nameth thy name.  
It is well. Was there ever a loser content with  
the loss of the game?

XV.

If She have spoken a word, remember thy lips  
are sealed,

And the Brand of the Dog is upon him by  
whom is the secret revealed.

If She have written a letter, delay not an  
instant, but burn it.

Tear it in pieces, O Fool, and the wind to her  
mate shall return it!

If there be trouble to Herward, and a lie of  
the blackest can clear,

Lie, while thy lips can move or a man is alive  
to hear.

XVI.

My Son, if a maiden deny thee and scuffingly  
bid thee give o'er,

Yet lip meets with lip at the lastward — get  
out! She has been there before.

They are pecked on the ear and the chin and  
the nose who are lacking in lore.

## XVII.

If we fall in the race, though we win, the hoof-  
slide is scarred on the course.

Though Allah and Earth pardon Sin, remaineth  
forever Remorse.

## XVIII.

“By all I am misunderstood!” if the Matron  
shall say, or the Maid:—

“Alas! I do not understand,” my son, be thou  
nowise afraid.

In vain in the sight of the Bird is the net of  
the Fowler displayed.

## XIX.

My son, if I, Hafiz, thy father, take hold of thy  
knees in my pain,

Demanding thy name on stamped paper, one day  
or one hour—refrain.

Are the links of thy fetters so light that thou  
cravest another man’s chain?

*THE GRAVE OF THE HUNDRED HEAD.*

*THERE'S a widow in sleepy Chester  
Who weeps for her only son ;  
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,  
A grave that the Burmans shun,  
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri  
Who tells how the work was done.*

A Snider squibbed in the jungle,  
Somebody laughed and fled,  
And the men of the First Shikaris  
Picked up their Subaltern dead,  
With a big blue mark in his forehead  
And the back blown out of his head.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,  
Jemadar Hira Lal,

Took command of the party,  
Twenty rifles in all,  
Marched them down to the river  
As the day was beginning to fall.

They buried the boy by the river,  
A blanket over his face —  
They wept for their dead Lieutenant,  
The men of an alien race —  
They made a *samádḥ* in his honor,  
A mark for his resting-place.

For they swore by the Holy Water,  
They swore by the salt they ate,  
That the soul of Lieutenant Eshmītt Sahib  
Should go to his God in state;  
With fifty file of Burman  
To open him Heaven's gate.

The men of the First Shikaris  
Marched till the break of day,



Till they came to the rebel village,  
The village of Pabengmay—  
A *jingal* covered the clearing,  
Calthrops hampered the way.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,  
Bidding them load with ball,  
Halted a dozen rifles  
Under the village wall;  
Sent out a flanking-party  
With Jemadar Hira Lal.

The men of the First Shikaris  
Shouted and smote and slew,  
Turning the grinning *jingal*  
On to the howling crew.  
The Jemadar's flanking-party  
Butchered the folk who flew.

Long was the morn of slaughter,  
Long was the list of slain,

Five score heads were taken,  
Five score heads and twain;  
And the men of the First Shikaris  
Went back to their grave again,

Each man bearing a basket  
Red as his palms that day,  
Red as the blazing village —  
The village of Pabengmay.  
And the "*drip-drip-drip*" from the baskets  
Reddened the grass by the way.

They made a pile of their trophies  
High as a tall man's chin,  
Head upon head distorted,  
Set in a sightless grin,  
Anger and pain and terror  
Stamped on the smoke-scorched skin.

Subadar Prag Tewarri  
Put the head of the Boh

On the top of the mound of triumph,  
The head of his son below,  
With the sword and the peacock-banner  
That the world might behold and know.

Thus the *samādḥ* was perfect,  
Thus was the lesson plain  
Of the wrath of the First Shikaris—  
The price of a white man slain;  
And the men of the First Shikaris  
Went back into camp again.

Then a silence came to the river,  
A hush fell over the shore,  
And Bohs that were brave departed,  
And Sniders squibbed no more;  
For the Burmans said  
That a *kullah's* head  
Must be paid for with heads five score.

*There's a widow in sleepy Chester  
Who weeps for her only son;  
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,  
A grave that the Burmans shun,  
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri  
Who tells how the work was done.*

*THE MOON OF OTHER DAYS.*

BENEATH the deep veranda's shade,

When bats begin to fly,

I sit me down and watch — alas! —

Another evening die.

Blood-red behind the sere *ferash*

She rises through the haze.

Sainted Diana! can that be

The Moon of Other Days?

Ah! shade of little Kitty Smith,

Sweet Saint of Kensington!

Say, was it ever thus at Home

The Moon of August shone,

When arm in arm we wandered long

Through Putney's evening haze,

And Hammersmith was Heaven beneath

The Moon of Other Days?

But Wandle's stream is Sutilej now,

And Putney's evening haze

The dust that half a hundred kine

Before my window raise.

Unkempt, unclean, athwart the mist

The seething city looms,

In place of Putney's golden gorse

The sickly *babul* blooms.

Glare down, old Hecate, through the dust,

And bid the pie-dog yell,

Draw from the drain its typhoid-germ,

From each bazaar its smell;

Yea, suck the fever from the tank

And sap my strength therewith:

Thank Heaven, you show a smiling face

To little Kitty Smith!

*THE OVERLAND MAIL.*

*(Foot-Service to the Hills.)*

IN the name of the Empress of India, make  
way,

O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam.  
The woods are astir at the close of the day—  
We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.  
Let the robber retreat—let the tiger turn tail—  
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland  
Mail!

With a jingle of bells as the dusk gathers in,  
He turns to the foot-path that heads up the  
hill—  
The bags on his back and a cloth round his chin,  
And, tucked in his waist-belt, the Post Office  
bill:—

“Despatched on this date, as received by the rail,  
*Per* runner, two bags of the Overland Mail.”

Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or  
swim.

Has the rain wrecked the road? He must  
climb by the cliff.

Does the tempest cry “Halt”? What are  
tempests to him?

The Service admits not a “but” or an “if.”  
While the breath’s in his mouth, he must bear  
without fail,  
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

From aloe to rose-oak, from rose-oak to fir,  
From level to upland, from upland to crest,  
From rice-field to rock-ridge, from rock-ridge to  
spur,  
Fly the soft sandalled feet, strains the brawny  
brown chest.



From rail to ravine—to the peak from the  
vale—

Up, up through the night goes the Overland  
Mail.

There's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the  
road—

A jingle of bells on the foot-path below—  
There's a scuffle above in the monkey's abode—

The world is awake, and the clouds are aglow.  
For the great Sun himself must attend to the  
hail:—

“In the name of the Empress, the Overland  
Mail!”

*WHAT THE PEOPLE SAID.**(June 21st, 1887.)*

BY the well, where the bullocks go  
Silent and blind and slow —  
By the field where the young corn dies  
In the face of the sultry skies,  
They have heard, as the dull Earth hears  
The voice of the wind of an hour,  
The sound of the Great Queen's voice:—  
“My God hath given me years,  
Hath granted dominion and power:  
And I bid you, O Land, rejoice.”

And the ploughman settles the share  
More deep in the grudging clod;  
For he saith: “The wheat is my care,  
And the rest is the will of God.

"He sent the Mahratta spear  
As He sendeth the rain,  
And the *Mlech*, in the fated year,  
Broke the spear in twain,  
And was broken in turn. Who knows  
How our Lords make strife?  
It is good that the young wheat grows,  
For the bread is Life."

Then, far and near, as the twilight drew,  
Hissed up to the scornful dark  
Great serpents, blazing, of red and blue,  
That rose and faded, and rose anew,  
That the Land might wonder and mark  
"To-day is a day of days," they said,  
"Make merry, O People, all!"  
And the Ploughman listened and bowed his  
head:—  
"To-day and to-morrow God's will," he said,  
As he trimmed the lamps on the wall.

“He sendeth us years that are good,  
As He sendeth the dearth.  
He giveth to each man his food,  
Or Her food to the Earth.  
Our Kings and our Queens are afar—  
On their peoples be peace—  
God bringeth the rain to the Bar,  
That our cattle increase.”

And the Ploughman settled the share  
More deep in the sun-dried clod:—  
“Mogul, Mahratta, and *Mlech* from the North,  
And White Queen over the Seas—  
God raiseth them up and driveth them forth  
As the dust of the ploughshare flies in the  
breeze;  
But the wheat and the cattle are all my care,  
And the rest is the will of God.”

*THE UNDERTAKER'S HORSE.*

"TO-TSCHIN-SHU is condemned to death. How can he drink tea with the Executioner?"—*Japanese Proverb.*

THE eldest son bestrides him,  
And the pretty daughter rides him,  
And I meet him oft o' mornings on the Course;  
And there wakens in my bosom  
An emotion chill and gruesome  
As I canter past the Undertaker's Horse.

Neither shies he nor is restive,  
But a hideously suggestive  
Trot, professional and placid, he affects;  
And the cadence of his hoof-beats  
To my mind, this grim reproof beats:—  
"Mend your pace, my friend, I'm coming. Who's  
the next?"

Ah! stud-bred of ill-omen,  
I have watched the strongest go—men  
Of pith and might and muscle—at your heels,  
Down the plantain-bordered highway,  
(Heaven send it ne'er be my way!)  
In a lacquered box and jetty upon wheels.

Answer, sombre beast and dreary,  
Where is Brown, the young, the cheery,  
Smith, the pride of all his friends and half the  
Force?

You were at that last dread *dak*  
We must cover at a walk,  
Bring them back to me, O Undertaker's Horse!

With your mane unhogged and flowing,  
And your curious way of going,  
And that business-like black crimping of your  
tail,  
E'en with Beauty on your back, sir,

Pacing as a lady's hack, Sir,  
What wonder when I meet you I turn pale?

It may be you wait your time, Beast,  
Till I write my last bad rhyme, Beast,  
Quit the sunlight, cut the rhyming, drop the  
    glass,  
Follow after with the others,  
Where some dusky heathen smothers  
Us with marigolds in lieu of English grass.

Or, perchance, in years to follow,  
I shall watch your plump sides hollow,  
See Carnifex (gone lame) become a corse,  
See old age at last o'erpower you,  
And the Station Pack devour you,  
I shall chuckle then, O Undertaker's Horse!

But to insult, gibe, and quest, I've  
Still the hideously suggestive

Trot that hammers out the grim and warning  
text,

And I hear it hard behind me,

In what place soe'er I find me:—

“Sure to catch you sooner or later. Who's the  
next?”



*THE FALL OF JOCK GILLESPIE.*

THIS fell when dinner-time was done—

'Twixt the first an' the second rub—

That oor mon Jock cam' hame again

To his rooms ahint the Club.

An' syne he laughed, an' syne he sang,

An' syne we thocht him fou,

An' syne he trumped his partner's trick,

An' garred his partner rue.

Then up and spake an elder mon,

That held the Spade its Ace—

“God save the lad! Whence comes the licht

That wimples on his face?”

An' Jock he sniggered, an' Jock he smiled,

An', ower the card-brim wunk:—

"I'm a' too fresh fra' the stirrup-peg,  
May be that I am drunk."

"There's whusky brewed in Galashiels,  
An' L. L. L. forbye;  
But never liquor lit the low  
That keeks fra' oot your eye.

"There's a thrid o' hair on your dress-coat breast,  
Aboon the heart a wee?"

"Oh! that is fra' the lang-haired Skye  
That slobbers ower me."

"Oh! lang-haired Skyes are lovin' beasts,  
An' terrier dogs are fair,  
But never yet was terrier born  
Wi' ell-lang gowden hair!

"There's a smirch o' pouter on your breast,  
Below the left lappel?"

"Oh! that is fra' my auld cigar,  
Whenas the stump-end fell."

“Mon Jock, ye snoise the Trichi coarse,  
For ye are short o’ cash,  
An’ best Havanas couldna leave  
Sae white an’ pure an ash.

“This nicht ye stopped a story braid,  
An’ stopped it wi’ a curse—  
Last nicht ye told that tale yoursel,  
An’ capped it wi’ a worse!

“Oh! we’re no fou! Oh! we’re no fou!  
But plainly we can ken .  
Ye’re fallin’, fallin’, fra’ the band  
O’ cantie single men!”

An’ it fell when *sirris*-shaws were sere,  
An’ the nights were lang and mirk,  
In braw new breeks, wi’ a gowden ring,  
Oor Jockie gaed to the Kirk.

*ARITHMETIC ON THE FRONTIER.*

A GREAT and glorious thing it is  
To learn, for seven years or so,  
The Lord knows what of that and this,  
Ere reckoned fit to face the foe—  
The flying bullet down the Pass,  
That whistles clear: "All flesh is grass."

Three hundred pounds per annum spent  
On making brain and body meeter  
For all the murderous intent  
Comprised in "villanous saltpetre!"  
And after—ask the Yusufzaies  
What comes of all our 'ologies.

A scrimmage in a Border Station—  
A canter down some dark defile—

Two thousand pounds of education

Drops to a ten-rupee *jezail*—

The Crammer's boast, the Squadron's pride,  
Shot like a rabbit in a ride!

No proposition Euclid wrote,

No formulæ the text-books know,  
Will turn the bullet from your coat,

Or ward the tulwar's downward blow.  
Strike hard who cares—shoot straight who can—  
The odds are on the cheaper man.

One sword-knot stolen from the camp

Will pay for all the school expenses  
Of any Kurrum Valley scamp

Who knows no word or moods and tenses,  
But, being blessed with perfect sight,  
Picks off our messmates left and right.

With home-bred hordes the hill-sides teem,  
The troop-ships bring us one by one,

At vast expense of time and steam,  
To slay Afridis where they run.  
The "captives of our bow and spear"  
Are cheap—alas! as we are dear.

*ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.*

*(Lord Dufferin to Lord Lansdowne.)*

SO here's your Empire. No more wine, then?  
Good.

We'll clear the Aides and *khitmatgars* away.  
(You'll know that fat old fellow with the knife—  
He keeps the Name Book, talks in English too,  
And almost thinks himself the Government.)  
O Youth, Youth, Youth! Forgive me, you're so  
young.

Forty from sixty—twenty years of work  
And power to back the working. *Ay de mi!*  
You want to know, you want to see, to touch,  
And, by your lights, to act. It's natural.  
I wonder can I help you. Let me try.  
You saw.—what did you see from Bombay east?  
Enough to frighten any one but me?

Neat that! It frightened Me in Eighty-Four!  
You shouldn't take a man from Canada  
And bid him smoke in powder-magazines;  
Nor with a Reputation such as — Bah!  
That ghost has haunted me for twenty years,  
My Reputation now full blown — Your fault —  
Yours, with your stories of the strife at Home,  
Who's up, who's down, who leads and who is  
led —

One reads so much, one hears so little here.  
Well, now's your turn of exile. I go back  
To Rome and leisure. All roads lead to Rome,  
Or books — the refuge of the destitute.  
When you . . . that brings me back to India.  
See!

Start clear. I couldn't. Egypt served my turn.  
You'll never plumb the Oriental mind,  
And if you did it isn't worth the toil.  
Think of a sleek French priest in Canada;  
Divide by twenty half-breeds. Multiply



By twice the Sphinx's silence. There's your East,  
And you're as wise as ever. So am I.

Accept on trust and work in darkness, strike  
At venture, stumble forward, make your mark,  
(It's chalk on granite), then thank God no flame  
Leaps from the rock to shrivel mark and man.  
I'm clear—my mark is made. Three months of  
drought

Had ruined much. It rained and washed away  
The specks that might have gathered on my  
Name.

I took a country twice the size of France,  
And shuttered up one doorway in the North.  
I stand by those. You'll find that both will pay,  
I pledged my Name on both—they're yours  
to-night.

Hold to them—they hold fame enough for two.  
I'm old, but I shall live till Burma pays.  
Men there—not German traders—Cr-sthw-te  
knows—

You'll find it in my papers. For the North  
Guns always — quietly — but always guns.  
You've seen your Council? Yes, they'll try to  
rule,  
And prize their Reputations. Have you met  
A grim lay-reader with a taste for coins,  
And faith in Sin most men withhold from God?  
He's gone to England. R-p-n knew his grip  
And kicked. A Council always has its H-pes.  
They look for nothing from the West but Death  
Or Bath or Bournemouth. Here's their ground.  
They fight  
Until the middle classes take them back,  
One of ten millions plus a C. S. I.  
Or drop in harness. Legion of the Lost?  
Not altogether — earnest, narrow men,  
But chiefly earnest, and they'll do your work,  
And end by writing letters to the *Times*.  
(Shall *I* write letters, answering H-nt-r — fawn  
With R-p-n on the Yorkshire grocers? Ugh!)

They have their Reputations. Look to one —  
I work with him — the smallest of them all,  
White-haired, red-faced, who sat the plunging  
horse

Out in the garden. He's your right-hand man,  
And dreams of tilting W-ls-y from the throne,  
But while he dreams gives work we cannot buy;  
He nas his Reputation — wants the Lords  
By way of Frontier Roads. Meantime, I think,  
He values very much the hand that falls  
Upon his shoulder at the Council table —  
Hates cats and knows his business: *which is*  
*yours.*

Your business! Twice a hundred million souls.  
Your business! I could tell you what I did  
Some nights of Eighty-Five, at Simla, worth  
A Kingdom's ransom. When a big ship drives,  
God knows to what new reef the man at the  
wheel

Prays with the passengers. They lose their lives,

Or rescued go their way; but he's no man  
To take his trick at the wheel again—that's  
worse

Than drowning. Well, a galled Mashobra mule  
(You'll see Mashobra) passed me on the Mall,  
And I was—some fool's wife had ducked and  
bowed

To show the others I would stop and speak.  
Then the mule fell—three galls, a hand-breadth  
each,

Behind the withers. Mrs. Whatsisname  
Leers at the mule and me by turns, thweet  
thoul!

"How could they make him carry such a load!"  
I saw—it isn't often I dream dreams—  
More than the mule that minute—smoke and  
flame

From Simla to the haze below. That's weak.  
You're younger. You'll dream dreams before  
you've done.

You've youth, that's one — good workmen — that  
means two  
Fair chances in your favor. Fate's the third.  
I know what *I* did. Do you ask me, "Preach"?  
I answer by my past or else go back  
To platitudes of rule — or take you thus  
In confidence and say: — "You know the trick:  
You've governed Canada. You know. *You* know!"  
And all the while commend you to Fate's hand  
(Here at the top one loses sight o' God),  
Commend you, then, to something more than you —  
The Other People's blunders and . . . that's all.  
I'd agonize to serve you if I could.  
It's incommunicable, like the cast  
That drops the tackle with the gut adry.  
Too much — too little — there's your salmon lost!  
And so I tell you nothing — wish you luck,  
And wonder — how I wonder! — for your sake  
And triumph for my own. You're young, you're  
young,

You hold to half a hundred Shibboleths.  
I'm old. I followed Power to the last,  
Gave her my best, and Power followed Me.  
It's worth it—on my soul I'm speaking plain,  
Here by the claret glasses!—worth it all.  
I gave—no matter what I gave—I win.  
I *know* I win. Mine's work, good work that  
live!

A country twice the size of France—the North  
Safeguarded. That's my record: sink the rest  
And better if you can. The Rains may serve,  
Rupees may rise—three pence will give you  
Fame—

It's rash to hope for sixpence—If they rise  
Get guns, more guns, and lift the salt-tax.

Oh!

I told you what the Congress meant or thought?  
I'll answer nothing. Half a year will prove  
The full extent of time and thought you'll spare  
To Congress. Ask a Lady Doctor *once*

How little Begums see the light—deduce  
Thence how the True Reformer's child is born.  
It's interesting, curious . . . and vile.  
I told the Turk he was a gentleman.  
I told the Russian that his Tartar veins  
Bled pure Parisian ichor; and he purred.  
The Congress doesn't purr. I think it swears.  
You're young—you'll swear too ere you've reached  
the end.

The End! God help you, if there be a God.  
(There must be one to startle Gl-dst-ne's soul  
In that new land where all the wires are cut,  
And Cr-ss snores anthems on the asphodel.)  
God help you! And I'd help you if I could,  
But that's beyond me. Yes, your speech was  
crude.

Sound claret after olives—yours and mine;  
But Medoc slips into vin ordinaire.  
(I'll drink my first at Genoa to your health.)  
Raise it to Hock. You'll never catch my style.

And, after all, the middle-classes grip  
The middle - class — for Brompton talk Earl's  
Court.

Perhaps you're right. I'll see you in the *Times*—  
A quarter-column of eye-searing print,  
A leader once a quarter—then a war;  
The Strand abellow through the fog: "Defeat!"  
"Orrible slaughter!" While you lie awake  
And wonder. Oh, you'll wonder ere you're free!  
I wonder now. The four years slide away  
So fast, so fast, and leave me here alone.  
R—y, C—lv—n, L—l, R—b—rts, B—ck, the rest,  
Princes and Powers of Darkness, troops and  
trains,  
(I *cannot* sleep in trains), land piled on land,  
Whitewash and weariness, red rockets, dust,  
White snows that mocked me, palaces — with  
draughts,  
And W—stl—nd with the drafts he couldn't pay,  
Poor W—ls—n reading his obituary



Before he died, and H-pe, the man with bones,  
And A-tch-s-n a dripping mackintosh  
At Council in the Rains, his grating "Sirrr"  
Half drowned by H-nt-r's silky: — "Bát my  
lahd."

Hunterian always: M-rsh-l spinning plates  
Or standing on his head; the Rent Bill's roar,  
A hundred thousand speeches, much red cloth,  
And Smiths thrice happy if I call them Jones,  
(I can't remember half their names) or reined  
My pony on the Mall to greet their wives.  
More trains, more troops, more dust, and then  
all's done.

Four years, and I forget. If I forget  
How will *they* bear me in their minds? The  
North

Safeguarded — nearly (R-b-rts knows the rest),  
A country twice the size of France annexed.  
That stays at least. The rest may pass — may  
pass —

Your heritage—and I can teach you nought.

“High trust,” “vast honor,” “interests twice as  
vast,”

“Due reverence to your Council”—keep to those.

I envy you the twenty years you’ve gained,

But not the five to follow. What’s that? One?

Two!—Surely not so late. Good-night. *Don’t*  
dream.

*THE BETROTHED.*

"You must choose between me and your cigar."

OPEN the old cigar-box, get me a Cuba stout,  
For things are running crossways, and Maggie  
and I are out.

We quarrelled about Havanas — we fought o'er a  
good cheroot,  
And I know she is exacting, and she says I am  
a brute.

Open the old cigar-box — let me consider a  
space;  
In the soft blue veil of the vapor, musing on  
Maggie's face.

Maggie is pretty to look at—Maggie's a loving  
lass,

But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest  
of loves must pass.

There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm in a  
Henry Clay,

But the best cigar in an hour is finished and  
thrown away—

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe  
and brown—

But I could not throw away Maggie for fear o'  
the talk o' the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty—gray and dour and  
old—

With never another Maggie to purchase for love  
or gold!

And the light of Days that have Been the dark  
of the Days that Are,  
And Love's torch stinking and stale, like the  
butt of a dead cigar—

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep  
in your pocket—  
With never a new one to light tho' it's charred  
and black to the socket.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a  
while—  
Here is a mild Manilla—there is a wifely  
smile.

Which is the better portion—bondage bought  
with a ring,  
Or a harem of dusky beauties fifty tied in a  
string?

Counsellors cunning and silent—comforters true  
and tried,  
And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival  
bride.

Thought in the early morning, solace in time of  
woes,  
Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere my  
eyelids close.

This will the fifty give me, asking nought in  
return,  
With only a *Suttee's* passion—to do their duty  
and burn.

This will the fifty give me. When they are  
spent and dead,  
Five times other fifties shall be my servants  
instead.

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the  
Spanish Main,

When they hear my harem is empty, will send  
me my brides again.

I will take no heed to their raiment, nor food  
for their mouths withal,

So long as the gulls are nesting, so long as the  
showers fall.

I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea will  
I temper their hides,

And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who  
read of the tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my  
choice between

The wee little whimpering Love and the great  
god Nick o' Teen.

And I have been servant of Love for barely a  
twelvemonth clear,  
But I have been Priest of Partagas a matter of  
seven year;

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked  
with the cheery light  
Of stumps that I burned to Friendship and  
Pleasure and Work and Fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie  
and I must prove,  
But the only light on the marshes is the Will-  
o'-the-Wisp of Love.

Will it see me safe through my journey, or  
leave me bogged in the mire?  
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I  
follow the fitful fire?



Open the old cigar-box — let me consider anew —  
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should  
abandon *you*?

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear  
the yoke;  
And a woman is only a woman, but a good  
cigar is a Smoke.

Light me another Cuba; I hold to my first-sworn  
vows,  
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no  
Maggie for spouse!

*A TALE OF TWO CITIES.*

WHERE the sober-colored cultivator smiles  
On his *byles*;

Where the cholera, the cyclone, and the crow  
Come and go;

Where the merchant deals in indigo and tea,  
Hides and *ghi*;

Where the Babu drops inflammatory hints  
In his prints;

Stands a City—Charnock chose it—packed away  
Near a Bay—

By the sewage rendered fetid, by the sewer  
Made impure,

By the Sunderbunds unwholesome, by the swamp  
Moist and damp;

And the City and the Viceroy, as we see,  
Don't agree.

Once, two hundred years ago, the trader came

Meek and tame.

Where his timid foot first halted, there he  
stayed,

Till mere trade

Grew to Empire, and he sent his armies forth

South and North

Till the country from Peshawar to Ceylon

Was his own.

Thus the mid-day halt of Charnock—more's the  
pity!

Grew a City.

As the fungus sprouts chaotic from its bed,

So it spread—

Chance-directed, chance-erected, laid and built

On the silt—

Palace, byre, hovel—poverty and pride—

Side by side;

And, above the packed and pestilential town,

Death looked down.

But the Rulers in that City by the Sea

Turned to flee —

Fled, with each returning spring-tide from its ills

To the Hills.

From the clammy fogs of morning, from the  
blaze

Of the days,

From the sickness of the noontide, from the heat,

Beat retreat;

For the country from Peshawar to Ceylon

Was their own.

But the Merchant risked the perils of the Plain

For his gain.

Now the resting-place of Charnock, 'neath the  
palms,

Asks an alms,

And the burden of its lamentation is,

Briefly, this: —

“Because, for certain months, we boil and stew,

So should you.

Cast the Viceroy and his Council, to perspire

In our fire!"

And for answer to the argument, in vain

We explain

That an amateur Saint Lawrence cannot fry:—

"*All* must fry!"

That the Merchant risks the perils of the Plain

For his gain.

Nor can Rulers rule a house that men grow  
rich in,

From its kitchen.

Let the Babu drop inflammatory hints

In his prints;

And mature—consistent soul—his plan for steal-  
ing

To Darjeeling:

Let the Merchant seek, who makes his silver pile,  
England's isle;

Let the City Charnock pitched on—evil day!—

Go Her way.

Though the argosies of Asia at Her doors

Heap their stores,

Though Her enterprise and energy secure

Income sure,

Though "out-station orders punctually obeyed"

Swell Her trade —

*Still*, for rule, administration, and the rest,

Simla's best.

*GRIFFEN'S DEBT.*

IMPRIMIS he was "broke." Thereafter left

His regiment, and, later, took to drink;  
Then, having lost the balance of his friends,  
"Went Fantee"—joined the people of the land,  
Turned three parts Mussulman and one Hindu,  
And lived among the Gauri villagers,  
Who gave him shelter and a wife or twain,  
And boasted that a thorough, full-blood *sahib*  
Had come among them. Thus he spent his  
time,

Deeply indebted to the village *shroff*,  
(Who never asked for payment) always drunk,  
Unclean, abominable, out-at-heels;  
Forgetting that he was an Englishman.

You know they dammed the Gauri with a dam,  
And all the good contractors scamped their work,

And all the bad material at hand  
Was used to dam the Gauri — which was cheap,  
And, therefore, proper. Then the Gauri burst,  
And several hundred thousand cubic tons  
Of water dropped into the valley, *flop*,  
And drowned some five and twenty villagers,  
And did a lakh or two of detriment  
To crops and cattle. When the flood went down  
We found him dead, beneath an old dead horse,  
Full six miles down the valley. So we said  
He was a victim to the Demon Drink,  
And moralized upon him for a week,  
And then forgot him. Which was natural.

But, in the valley of the Gauri, men  
Beneath the shadow of the big new dam  
Relate a foolish legend of the flood,  
Accounting for the little loss of life  
(Only those five and twenty villagers)  
In this wise: On the evening of the flood,



They heard the groaning of the rotten dam,  
And voices of the Mountain Devils. Then  
An incarnation of the local God,  
Mounted upon a monster-neighing horse,  
And flourishing a flail-like whip, came down,  
Breathing ambrosia, to the villages,  
And fell upon the simple villagers  
With yells beyond the power of mortal throat,  
And blows beyond the power of mortal hand,  
And smote them with the flail-like whip, and  
drove

Them clamorous with terror up the hill,  
And scattered, with the monster-neighing steed,  
Their crazy cottages about their ears,  
And generally cleared those villages.  
Then came the water, and the local God,  
Breathing ambrosia, flourishing his whip,  
And mounted on his monster-neighing steed,  
Went down the valley with the flying trees  
And residue of homesteads, while they watched

Safe on the mountain-side these wondrous things,  
And knew that they were much beloved of  
Heaven.

Wherefore, and when the dam was newly built,  
They raised a temple to the local God,  
And burned all manner of unsavory things  
Upon his altar, and created priests,  
And blew into a couch, and banged a bell,  
And told the story of the Gauri flood  
With circumstance and much embroidery.

So he the whiskified Objectionable,  
Unclean, abominable, out-at-heels,  
Became the tutelary Deity  
Of all the Gauri valley villages;  
And may in time become a Solar Myth.

*IN SPRINGTIME.*

MY garden blazes brightly with the rose-bush  
and the peach,  
And the *kõil* sings above it, in the *siris* by  
the well,  
From the creeper-covered trellis comes the squirrel's  
chattering speech,  
And the blue-jay screams and flutters where  
the cheery *sat-bhai* dwell.  
But the rose has lost its fragrance, and the  
*kõil's* note is strange;  
I am sick of endless sunshine, sick of blossom-  
burdened bough.  
Give me back the leafless woodlands where the  
winds of Springtime range —  
Give me back one day in England, for it's  
Spring in England now!

Through the pines the gusts are booming, o'er  
the brown fields blowing chill,

From the furrow of the ploughshare streams  
the fragrance of the loam,

And the hawk nests on the cliff-side and the  
jackdaw in the hill,

And my heart is back in England mid the  
sights and sounds of Home.

But the garland of the sacrifice this wealth of  
rose and peach is;

Ah! *köil*, little *köil*, singing on the *siris*  
bough,

In my ears the knell of exile your ceaseless  
bell-like speech is—

Can *you* tell me aught of England or of  
Spring in England now?

*TWO MONTHS.*

IN JUNE.

NO hope, no change! The clouds have shut  
us in

And through the cloud the sullen Sun strikes  
down

Full on the bosom of the tortured Town.  
Till Night falls heavy as remembered sin  
That will not suffer sleep or thought of ease.

And, hour on hour, the dry-eyed Moon in spite  
Glares through the haze and mocks with  
watery light  
The torment of the uncomplaining trees.

Far off, the Thunder bellows her despair  
To echoing Earth, thrice parched. The lightnings  
fly

In vain. No help the heaped-up clouds afford,  
But wearier weight of burdened, burning air.  
What truce with Dawn? Look, from the aching  
sky,  
Day stalks, a tyrant with a flaming sword!

## IN SEPTEMBER.

At dawn there was a murmur in the trees,  
A ripple on the tank, and in the air  
Presage of coming coolness—everywhere  
A voice of prophecy upon the breeze.  
Up leapt the sun and smote the dust to gold,  
And strove to parch anew the heedless land,  
All impotently, as a King grown old  
Wars for the Empire crumbling 'neath his  
hand.

One after one, the lotos-petals fell,  
Beneath the onslaught of the rebel year

In mutiny against a furious sky;  
And far-off Winter whispered: "It is well!  
Hot Summer dies. Behold, your help is near,  
For when men's need is sorest, then come I."

*THE GALLEY-SLAVE.*

O H, gallant was our galley from her carven  
steering-wheel

To her figurehead of silver and her beak of  
hammered steel;

The leg-bar chafed the ankle, and we gasped for  
cooler air,

But no galley on the water with our galley  
could compare!

Our bulkheads bulged with cotton and our masts  
were stepped in gold —

We ran a mighty merchandise of niggers in the  
hold;

The white foam spun behind us, and the black  
shark swam below,

As we gripped the kicking sweep-head and we  
made that galley go.



It was merry in the galley, for we revelled now  
and then—

If they wore us down like cattle, faith, we  
fought and loved like men!

As we snatched her through the water, so we  
snatched a minute's bliss,

And the mutter of the dying never spoiled the  
lovers' kiss.

Our women and our children toiled beside us in  
the dark—

They died, we filed their fetters, and we heaved  
them to the shark—

We heaved them to the fishes, but so fast the  
galley sped,

We had only time to envy, for we could not  
— mourn our dead.

Bear witness, once my comrades, what a hard-  
bit gang were we—

The servants of the sweep-head, but the masters  
of the sea!

By the hands that drove her forward as she  
    plunged and yawed and sheered,  
Woman, Man, or God or Devil, was there any-  
    thing we feared?

Was it storm? Our fathers faced it, and a  
    wilder never blew;  
Earth that waited for the wreckage watched the  
    galley struggle through.  
Burning noon or choking midnight, Sickness,  
    Sorrow, Parting, Death?  
Nay, our very babes would mock you, had they  
    time for idle breath.

But to-day I leave the galley, and another takes  
    my place;  
There's my name upon the deck-beam—let it  
    stand a little space.  
I am free—to watch my messmates beating out  
    to open main,  
Free of all that Life can offer—save to handle  
    sweep again

By the brand upon my shoulder, by the gall of  
clinging steel,  
By the welt the whips have left me, by the  
scars that never heal;  
By eyes grown old with staring through the  
sun-wash on the brine,  
I am paid in full for service—would that ser-  
vice still were mine!

Yet they talk of times and seasons and of woe  
the years bring forth,  
Of our galley swamped and shattered in the  
rollers of the North.  
When the niggers break the hatches, and the  
decks are gay with gore,  
And a craven-hearted pilot crams her crashing  
on the shore.

She will need no half-mast signal, minute-gun,  
or rocket-flare,  
When the cry for help goes seaward, she will  
find her servants there.

Battered chain-gangs of the orlop, grizzled drafts  
of years gone by,  
To the bench that broke their manhood, they  
shall lash themselves and die.

Hale and crippled, young and aged, paid, deserted,  
shipped away —  
Palace, cot, and lazaretto shall make up the tale  
that day,  
When the skies are black above them, and the  
decks ablaze beneath,  
And the top-men clear the raffle with their  
clasp-knives in their teeth.

It may be that Fate will give me life and leave  
to row once more —  
Set some strong man free for fighting as I take  
awhile his oar.  
But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse  
her service then?  
God be thanked — whate'er comes after, I have  
lived and toiled with Men!

*L'ENVOI.**(To whom it may concern.)*

THE smoke upon your Altar dies,  
The flowers decay,

The Goddess of your sacrifice  
Has flown away.

What profit then to sing or slay  
The sacrifice from day to day?

"We know the Shrine is void," they said,

"The Goddess flown —

Yet wreaths are on the Altar laid —

The Altar-Stone

Is black with fumes of sacrifice,

Albeit She has fled our eyes.

"For, it may be, if still we sing

And tend the Shrine,

Some Deity on wandering wing  
    May there incline;  
And, finding all in order meet,  
Stay while we worship at Her feet."

*THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS.*

WHEN the flush of a new-born sun fell first  
on Eden's green and gold,  
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched  
with a stick in the mould;  
And the first rude sketch that the world had  
seen was joy to his mighty heart,  
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves: "It's  
pretty, but is it art?"

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to  
fashion his work anew—  
The first of his race who cared a fig for the  
first, most dread review;  
And he left his lore to the use of his sons—  
and that was a glorious gain  
When the Devil chuckled: "Is it art?" in the  
ear of the branded Cain.

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and  
wrench the stars apart,  
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: "It's  
striking, but is it art?"  
The stone was dropped by the quarry-side, and  
the idle derrick swung,  
While each man talked of the aims of art, and  
each in an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the north and the  
south, they talked and they fought in the west,  
Till the waters rose on the jabbering land, and  
the poor Red Clay had rest —  
Had rest till the dank blank-canvas dawn when  
the dove was preened to start,  
And the Devil bubbled below the keel: "It's  
human, but is it art?"

The tale is old as the Eden Tree—as new as  
the new-cut tooth—  
For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows  
he is master of art and truth;



And each man hears as the twilight nears, to  
the beat of his dying heart,  
The Devil drum on the darkened pane: "You  
did it, but was it art?"

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to  
the shape of a surplice-peg,  
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in  
the yolk of an addled egg,  
We know that the tail must wag the dog, as  
the horse is drawn by the cart;  
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old:  
"It's clever, but is it art?"

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on  
the club-room's green and gold,  
The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch  
with their pens in the mould—  
They scratch with their pens in the mould of their  
graves, and the ink and the anguish start  
When the Devil mutters behind the leaves: "It's  
pretty, but is it art?"

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where  
the four great rivers flow,  
And the wreath of Eve is red on the turf as  
she left it long ago,  
And if we could come when the sentry slept,  
and softly scurry through,  
By the favor of God we might know as much  
—as our father Adam knew.

*THE EXPLANATION.*

LOVE and Death once ceased their strife

At the Tavern of Man's Life.

Called for wine, and threw — alas! —

Each his quiver on the grass.

When the bout was o'er they found

Mingled arrows strewed the ground.

Hastily they gathered then

Each the loves and lives of men.

Ah, the fateful dawn deceived!

Mingled arrows each one sheaved:

Death's dread armory was stored

With the shafts he most abhorred:

Love's light quiver groaned beneath

Venom-headed darts of Death.

Thus it was they wrought our woe  
At the Tavern long ago.

Tell me, do our masters know,  
Loosing blindly as they fly,  
Old men love while young men die?

*THE GIFT OF THE SEA.*

THE dead child lay in the shroud,  
And the widow watched beside;  
And her mother slept, and the Channel swept  
The gale in the teeth of the tide.

But the widow laughed at all.

"I have lost my man in the sea,  
And the child is dead. Be still," she said,  
"What more can ye do to me?"

And the widow watched the dead,  
And the candle guttered low,  
And she tried to sing the Passing Song  
That bids the poor soul go.

And "Mary take you now," she sang,  
    "That lay against my heart."  
And "Mary smooth your crib to-night,"  
    But she could not say "Depart."

Then came a cry from the sea,  
    But the sea-rime blinded the glass,  
And "Heard ye nothing, mother?" she said;  
    "'Tis the child that waits to pass."

And the nodding mother sighed.  
    "'Tis a lambing ewe in the whin,  
For why should the christened soul cry out,  
    That never knew of sin?"

"Oh, feet I have held in my hand,  
    Oh, hands at my heart to catch,  
How should they know the road to go,  
    And how should they lift the latch?"

They laid a sheet to the door,  
With the little quilt atop,  
That it might not hurt from the cold or the  
dirt,  
But the crying would not stop.

The widow lifted the latch  
And strained her eyes to see,  
And opened the door on the bitter shore  
To let the soul go free.

There was neither glimmer nor ghost,  
There was neither spirit nor spark,  
And "Heard ye nothing, mother?" she said,  
"'Tis crying for me in the dark."

And the nodding mother sighed.  
"'Tis sorrow makes ye dull;  
Have ye yet to learn the cry of the tern,  
Or the wail of the wind-blown gull?"

"The terns are blown inland,  
The gray gull follows the plough.  
'Twas never a bird, the voice I heard,  
O mother, I hear it now!"

"Lie still, dear lamb, lie still;  
The child is passed from harm,  
'Tis the ache in your breast that broke your  
rest,  
And the feel of an empty arm."

She puts her mother aside,  
"In Mary's name let be!  
For the peace of my soul I must go," she said,  
And she went to the calling sea.

In the heel of the wind-bit pier,  
Where the twisted weed was piled,  
She came to the life she had missed by an hour,  
For she came to a little child.



She laid it into her breast,  
And back to her mother shé came,  
But it would not feed, and it would not heed,  
Though she gave it her own child's name.

And the dead child dripped on her breast,  
And her own in the shroud lay stark;  
And, "God forgive us, mother," she said,  
"We let it die in the dark!"

*EVARRA AND HIS GODS.*

*Read here,*

*This is the story of Evarra — man —*

*Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.*

Because the city gave him of her gold,  
Because the caravans brought turquoises,  
Because his life was sheltered by the King,  
So that no man should maim him, none should  
steal,

Or break his rest with babble in the streets  
When he was weary after toil, he made  
An image of his God in gold and pearl,  
With turquoise diadem and human eyes,  
A wonder in the sunshine, known afar  
And worshipped by the King; but, drunk with  
pride,

Because the city bowed to him for God,

He wrote above the shrine: "*Thus Gods are  
made,*

*And whoso makes them otherwise shall die."*

And all the city praised him. . . . Then he died.

*Read here the story of Evarra — man —*

*Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.*

Because his city had no wealth to give,

Because the caravans were spoiled afar,

Because his life was threatened by the King,

So that all men despised him in the streets,

He hacked the living rock, with sweat and  
tears,

And reared a God against the morning-gold,

A terror in the sunshine, seen afar,

And worshipped by the King; but, drunk with  
pride,

Because the city fawned to bring him back,

He carved upon the plinth: "*Thus Gods are  
made,*

*And whoso makes them otherwise shall die."*

And all the people praised him. . . . Then he  
died.

*Read here the story of Evarra—man—*

*Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.*

Because he lived among a simple folk,  
Because his village was between the hills,  
Because he smeared his cheeks with blood of  
ewes,

He cut an idol from a fallen pine,  
Smeared blood upon its cheeks, and wedged a  
shell

Above its brows for eye, and gave it hair  
Of trailing moss, and plaited straw for crown.  
And all the village praised him for this craft,  
And brought him butter, honey, milk, and curds.  
Wherefore, because the shoutings drove him mad,  
He scratched upon that log: "*Thus Gods are  
made,*

*And, whoso makes them otherwise shall die."*

And all the people praised him. . . . Then he  
died.

*Read here the story of Evarra — man —*

*Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.*

Because his God decreed one clot of blood  
Should swerve a hair's-breadth from the pulse's  
path,

And chafe his brain, Evarra mowed alone,  
Rag-wrapped, among the cattle in the fields,  
Counting his fingers, jesting with the trees,  
And mocking at the mist, until his God  
Drove him to labor. Out of dung and horns  
Dropped in the mire he made a monstrous God,  
Abhorrent, shapeless, crowned with plaintain tufts.  
And when the cattle lowed at twilight-time,  
He dreamed it was the clamor of lost crowds,  
And howled among the beasts: "*Thus Gods  
are made,*

*And whoso makes them otherwise shall die."*

Thereat the cattle bellowed. . . . Then he died.

Yet at the last he came to Paradise,  
And found his own four Gods, and that he wrote;  
And marvelled, being very near to God,  
What oaf on earth had made his toil God's law,  
Till God said, mocking: "Mock not. These be  
thine."

Then cried Evarra: "I have sinned!"—"Not so.  
If thou hadst written otherwise, thy Gods  
Had rested in the mountain and the mine,  
And I were poorer by four wondrous Gods,  
And thy more wondrous law, Evarra. Thine,  
Servant of shouting crowds and lowing kine."  
Thereat with laughing mouth, but tear-wet eyes,  
Evarra cast his Gods from Paradise.

*This is the story of Evarra—man—*

*Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.*

















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